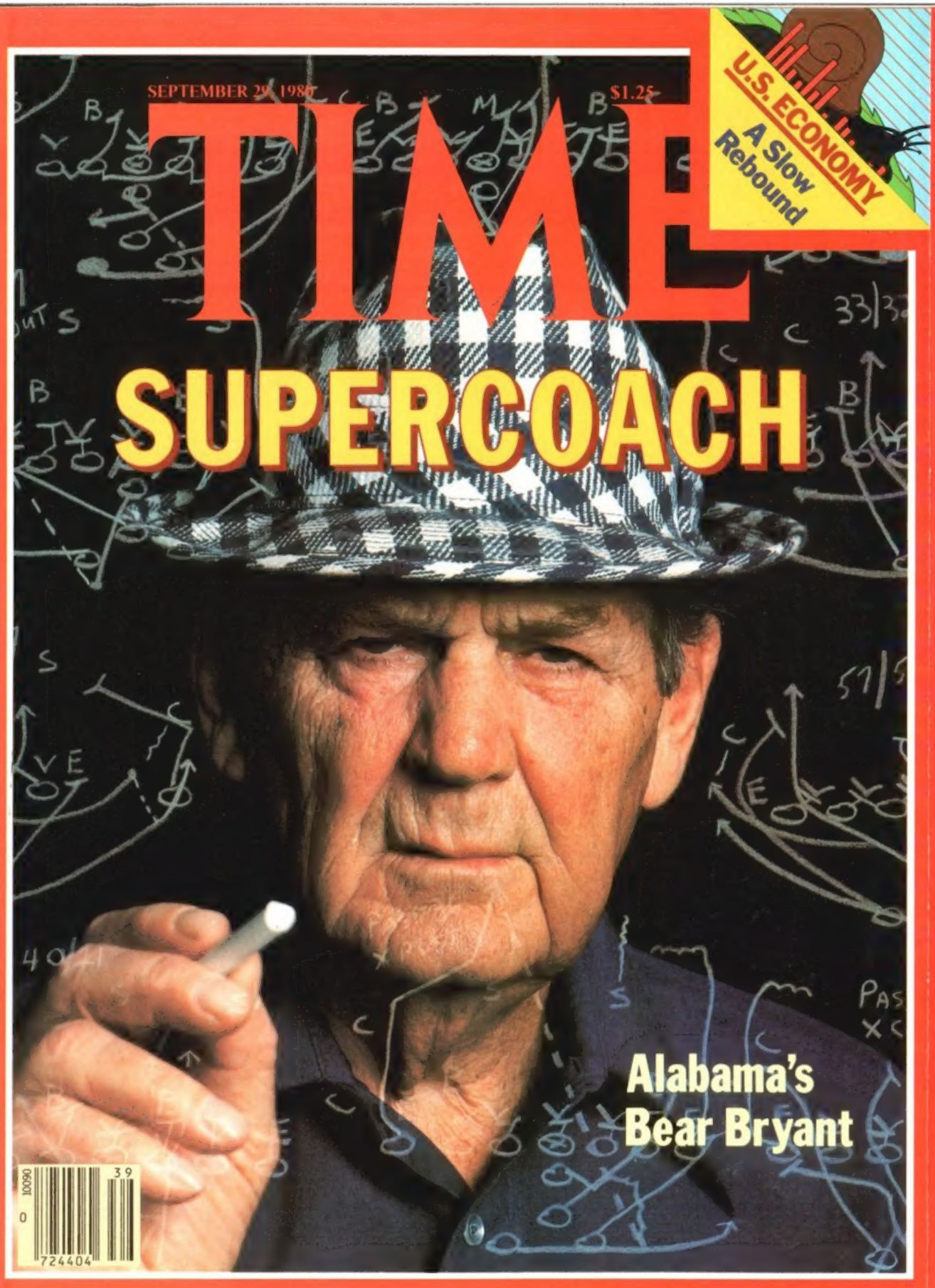

SEPTEMBER 29, 1980
$1.25
TIME
U.S. ECONOMY
A Slow Rebound
SUPERCOACH
Alabama's Bear Bryant

You're proud of who you are, and you're not afraid to show it.

Some people call you hard to please.

Some people call you independent.

Some people call you stubborn.

And you admit to being all three.

Because so far you haven't found a car to please you.

If it looked right, it wasn't engineered right.

If it was engineered right, it didn't look right.

And if it was engineered right, and it looked right, it wasn't priced right.

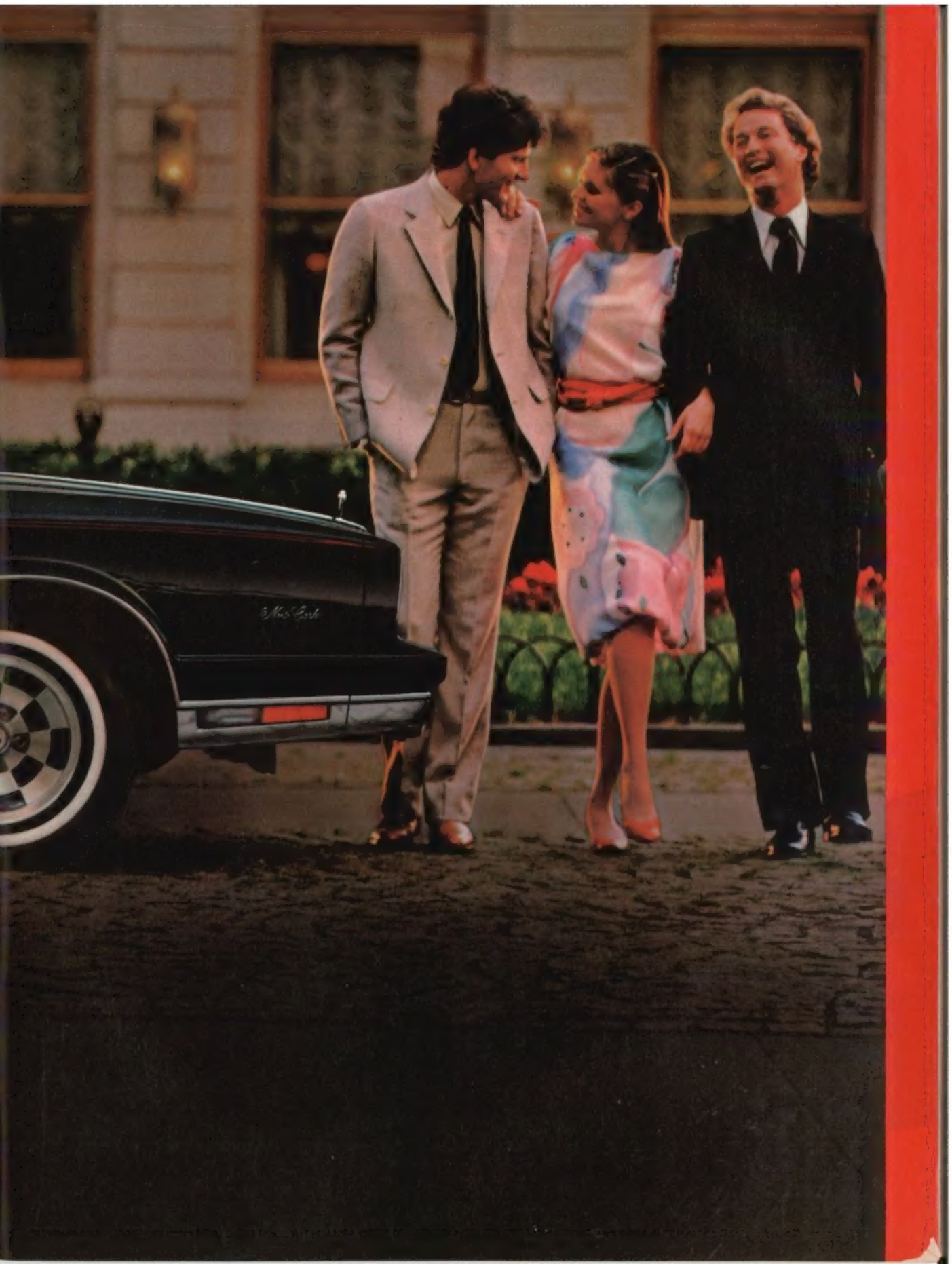
Because even though you're searching for a car that will express the pride you have in yourself, you won't buy it if the price doesn't suit you.

Well, your quandary is over.

At long last your car is here.

It's the new 1981 Monte Carlo. Coming September 25th.

Chevrolet



Every cop knows that every shift he pulls could be his last.

A cop takes his job one day at a time, always knowing that every shift could be his last.

Our cities and towns can be dangerous. Dangerous for us. Dangerous for the men and women who protect us.

Crime has become a serious problem. There is no easy answer. But General Electric is working with many different technologies to make our cities safer.

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Communications. Plastics. Microelectronics. None is a solution in itself. But together, they're all working to reduce crime.

And increasing the odds that a cop's last shift will be the day he retires.

Progress for People

GENERAL ELECTRIC

SEPTEMBER 29, 1980 VOL. 116 No. 13 TIME THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

The work of Staff Photographer Neil Leifer, who took this week's cover portrait of Alabama Football Coach Paul W. ("Bear") Bryant and the pictures accompanying the story, should be familiar to TIME's readers: this is the fifth cover he has shot this year. The others: Olympic Skaters Eric and Beth Heiden, Tennis Superstar Bjorn Borg and the political portraits from this summer's Republican and Democratic conventions.

Leifer hugging a friendly Bear

Leifer came to TIME in 1978 from our sister publication SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, where his credits included 152 covers and some of the most famous action photographs of athletes taken in the past 15 years. He still shoots sports for TIME, but likes the great variety of his new assignments. Says Leifer: "I'm interested in much more than sports. I like having my ringside seat for Muhammad Ali fights and my sideline pass at the Super Bowl, but I was thrilled about getting a seat in the motorcade during Pope John Paul's visit to the U.S. and a floor pass for the political conventions."

Whatever the subject of his photography, Leifer brings to it an uncompromising attention to detail and an unerring sense for the right moment. TIME Picture Editor Arnold Drapkin recalls that Leifer "kept New York City Mayor Edward Koch standing at the edge of the East River for an hour until he felt that the light on the skyline behind him was right. In a sense, he 'directs' his photographs." Such talents have served Leifer well. In England last year, he directed his first movie, *Yesterday's Hero*, about an aging soccer star.

Of his assignment to shoot Bear Bryant, Leifer says, "Pictures for TIME require so much more than game action. I've covered an awful lot of football at Alabama, but I'd never even met Bryant before. This time I had to shoot him at home with his wife and in his office, as well as on the football field." Leifer found him a very private man, but surprisingly cooperative. "He even allowed me to shoot him in front of the bench, where no one is usually permitted. From a distance, he seems aloof, uninvolved. It is only from my close-in vantage point that I could see how carefully he controls the game. He makes all the important calls and every key substitution." The assignment, though, involved one major frustration. Says Leifer: "I like football, but I spent many games, including last season's Sugar Bowl, shooting Bryant with my back to the field. I hardly got to see a thing."

John a. Meyer

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Letters

The Automakers

To the Editors:

I was disappointed that your cover artist Richard Hess didn't put blindfolds on the three auto executives [Sept. 8]. They must have been around in the late '50s, the '60s and the '70s and observed the trend and need for small and efficient cars. Their foreign competitors did.

Harold H. Bach
Sun City, Ariz.

If the Detroit worker had done better when he had a job, he would not now be looking for a job.

Virginia B. Thomas
Alexandria, La.

Let the Government buy every household a new economy car every two years. This would 1) revive the auto industry, 2) cut unemployment, 3) continue highway construction, 4) reduce imports and 5) stop the rush to push mass transportation down an unwilling public's throat.

George Strahan
Fort Worth

It is not un-American to buy a foreign-made car, and it certainly is not anti-American, but if it seriously hurts the American economy, can it be right? Thinking Americans can change their habits—if they want to.

Harold G. Hartgerink
Phoenix

Debate About the Debates

It is high time that the League of Women Voters instructed the candidates about the debates [Sept. 8] as follows: "The American voters are going to conduct job interviews for the post of President, at such-and-such places, dates and times. Serious applicants will show up for these interviews. Others need not show." Perhaps this will indicate just who's supposed to be doing the hiring around here.

Lee W. Douglas
Germantown, Md.

Carter is the recognized champion, and he has agreed to defend his title against major challengers, one at a time, in the TV ring, starting with the top contender. To keep his title, must the champ simultaneously confront and overwhelm all the opponents who can be crowded into the ring?

David B. Cary
Jacksonville, Ala.

The real question is not whether John Anderson should be included—he should—but why Libertarian Ed Clark hasn't been invited as well. An open political process in America should not be dictated by Jimmy Carter or the League of Women Voters.

Mark A. Larson
San Diego

Why not have debates just between Reagan and Anderson? Carter's record speaks for itself.

Tom Evans
Acton, Mass.

Back to Main Street

People are moving to smaller towns and cities [Sept. 1] in record numbers seeking not only intimacy and peace, but a place where their actions count. They are fed up with ineffectual, unresponsive Big Government interfering with their lives and no longer able to solve the problems it has created.

Anne Steely
Fort Collins, Colo.

Small-town life produces achievers. A large proportion of the men and women in *Who's Who* came out of small towns. Count 'em.

Lucia Meyers
Madison, Miss.

Perhaps these ambitious native sons from such small towns as Plains, Ga., and Tampico, Ill., have an urge to overachieve so that they can compensate for their feelings of provincialism and insignificance.

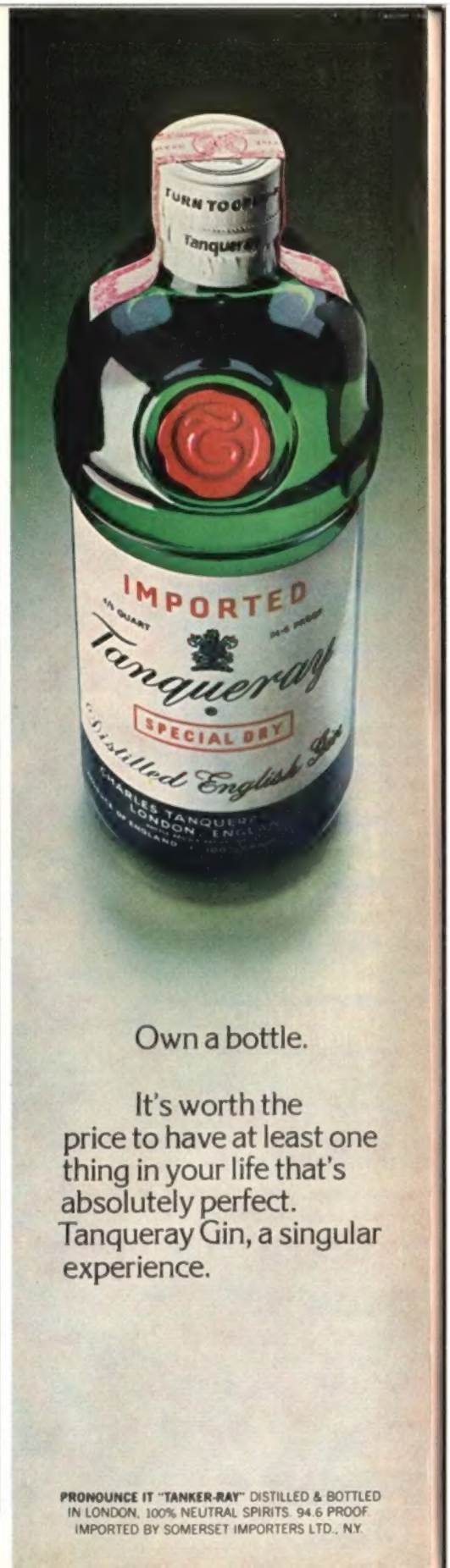
Mitchell Winthrop
Chicago

My mother's advice: If you ever decide to practice medicine in a small town, drive in in a Cadillac if you have to beg, borrow or steal every cent it takes to buy one. Because if you don't, and you buy one at the end of a year, everybody will know you paid for it with money you made from them.

Charman F. Palmer, M.D.
Napa, Calif.

Married Priests

The "startling decision" of the Vatican to permit Episcopal clergy to become Roman Catholic priests and remain married is not so startling [Sept. 1]. Heck, nothing startles us Catholics any more.



Own a bottle.

It's worth the price to have at least one thing in your life that's absolutely perfect. Tanqueray Gin, a singular experience.

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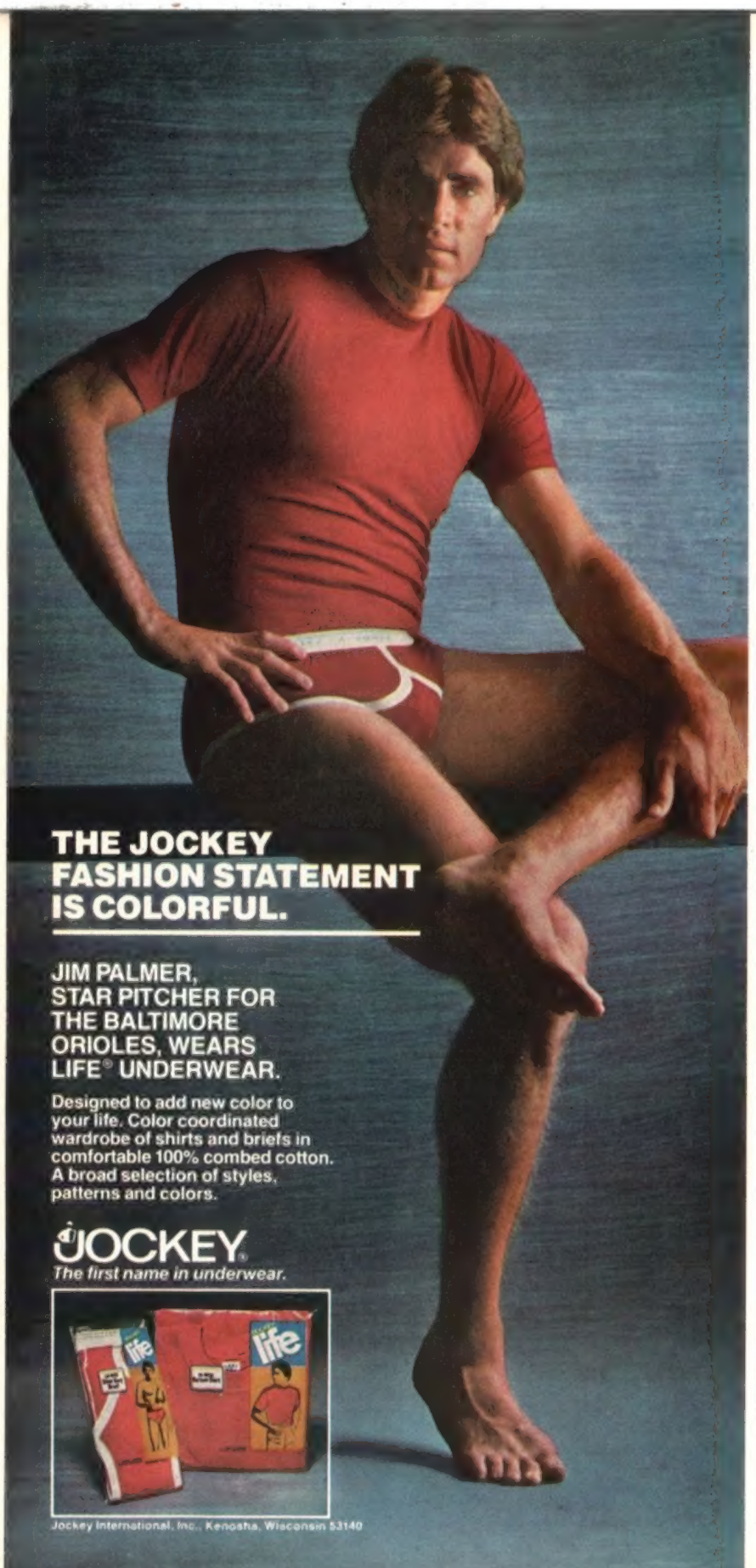

Letters

By now we're even conditioned to accept the ultimate about God—maybe she's not a Catholic.

(The Rev.) Edgar Holden
Newark

How strange. I came from a staunchly Catholic German-Irish background and endured all the rigors of the pre-Vatican II church, including twelve years of serious seminary life and ten years as an active priest. Now married, I can only look on in astonishment as former Episcopal priests are welcomed to the active ministry in my church though married, while I and hundreds like me have been denied this same privilege of service.

Benno Bartemes
San Juan

Bilingualism, *¿Sí?*

Bilingualism [Sept. 8] should be junked at once! Whatever the badly spoken language—Spanish, Haitian Creole or the nonstandard English of many blacks—the result is to condemn participants in these programs to poorly paid, less desirable jobs. Only the teachers will benefit.

Milton Barall
Washington, D.C.

If all these immigrants wanted to come to America because of its ideals and traditions, let them at least learn its language—English.

Beth Mapes
Scott Air Force Base, Ill.

As a student from a bilingual program, I found it helpful in learning English and in keeping from falling behind in other subjects. Bilingual programs should also help future relations between minority groups and other Americans by showing students that their language and culture are equal to English and thus ease the resentment that was created by the old way in which anything other than English was considered inferior.

Carlos R. Rodriguez
Miami

Doughnut Diplomacy

Once upon a time there was a country into which Western tastes were introduced—hamburgers, Pepsi, jeans, disco music, side-by-side refrigerators, pizza, hot-cross buns, white bread and doughnuts. The country? Iran. And now we are going to introduce some of these "delicacies" to China [Sept. 1]? Perhaps after eating jelly doughnuts, the wise Chinese will return to their own pastries and be "filled." God, I hope so!

David H. McBride
Boston

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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Proof: 9 out of 10 MERIT smokers reported they continue to *enjoy* smoking, are *glad* they switched, and report MERIT is the best-tasting low tar they've *ever* tried.

MERIT *is* the proven alternative to high tar smoking. And you can taste it.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine— 100's Reg: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine— 100's Men: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec.'79

MERIT

Kings & 100's

Get the mileage of a Datsun

While it's true the current 1980 Datsun 280ZX 2-seater gets good mileage and is fun to drive, there are also thorns hidden in this pretty little flower. Like an ungenerous portion of passenger room. No place to hide luggage. And a price you might expect to pay for a more exotic car.

Pontiac's new Grand Prix Brougham, on the other hand, is a beautiful hybrid without any briars to conceal.

30 HWY EST **21** EPA EST MPG

This is Grand Prix Brougham's EPA estimated mileage rating with standard V-6 for 1981. And if it surprises you to learn it's two better than the current 1980 Datsun 280ZX 2-seater (with optional automatic transmission), it will please you to know that it's even four better on the highway. Remember: Compare the "estimated mpg" to the "estimated mpg" of other cars. You may get different mileage depending on how fast you drive, weather conditions and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less than estimated highway fuel economy. Grand Prix is equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.

OVER $1,700 LESS THAN DATSUN 280ZX

Compare the manufacturers' suggested retail prices for these two sports. You may begin to suspect that $10,644 is a bit staggering for the current 1980 Datsun 280ZX 2-seater with optional automatic in the face of Grand Prix Brougham's $8,915, as shown. Naturally, taxes, license, destination charges and available equipment are additional. Destination charges vary by location and may affect this comparison, and *the level of standard equipment varies.*

GRAND NEW STYLING...

It's true the new Grand Prix was designed for the sake of effi-

"PONTIAC MUST HAVE SOMETHING WE DON'T."

ANNOUNCING PONTI

without having to drive one.

ency. But a principle of Pontiac know-how is the conviction that efficient needn't mean austere. So the '81 Brougham is emblazoned with new aerodynamic lines that deal with the forces of air and motion beautifully and efficiently. And to highlight those

new wedge-shaped contours, the Brougham is attired with a stylish new grille, padded landau top with new formal rear window and new opera lamps.

...AND GRAND NEW COMFORT

A night at the symphony in a ZX 2-seater might strike a sour note if you happen to know more than one music lover. With Grand Prix, however, you've got room for a small string section. And to ensure that you and your five passengers travel in style, the Brougham furnishes you with a loose-pillow 60/40 split seat, power windows and tastefully designed instrument panel to help ease your body and mind.

PLUS PONTIAC'S NEW EFFICIENCY SYSTEM, INCLUDING GM'S COMPUTER COMMAND CONTROL

For impressive fuel economy and cleaner exhaust, a computer continuously monitors and adjusts the air/fuel mixture in the carburetor to changing conditions. New body and tire designs and an automatic transmission with torque converter clutch also help save fuel. They're all part of Pontiac's new Efficiency System ... a system designed to give new 81 Pontiacs improved fuel economy, plus the comfort, styling and performance you deserve.

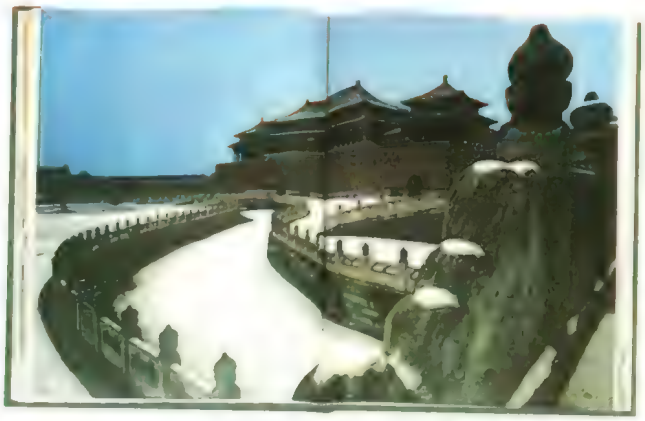
So see the new Grand Prix Brougham at your Pontiac dealer's. He may have more ways to finance than a bank.

MORE PONTIAC KNOW-HOW TO THE GALLON

AC'S '81 GRAND PRIX

To understand China today you must first uncover
the age-old secrets behind these awesome walls . . .

The Secrets of CHINA'S FORBIDDEN CITY



The Secret of Yung Lo

A ruthless opportunist he drove his own nephew into exile in order to gain the throne. Then in 1440 he ordered the Forbidden City built in strict alignment with the points of the compass and the North Star—because of his obsessive belief that his royal body was the exact center of the universe around which all celestial objects revolved.

The Secret of the Eunuchs

Drawn from the ranks of castrated criminals, these bizarre creatures wielded enormous power throughout Chinese history. Aside from the Emperor himself, only eunuchs and women were permitted to reside in the Forbidden City. During the decadent Ming Dynasty, eunuchs numbered well over 70,000 within the City walls and under their wily leader Wei Chung-hsien virtually ruled all China.

The Secret of Hung Wu

The first of the Ming Emperors, Hung Wu was a sadistic connoisseur of bizarre torture. His favorite method was to have his victim slowly sliced to death with precisely 3,357 cuts. As a refinement after each ten cuts he allowed his victim a moment to recover—the better to "appreciate" the next ten cuts.

PASS THROUGH the gates of Peking's Forbidden City and tremble in the presence of the most cruel and capricious tyrants in all of recorded history.

Beware! As the silent Emperor and his courtiers look on, you must faultlessly perform the complicated and mandatory kneelings and prostrations. The slightest violation of protocol could result in instant death.

Do not meet the tyrant's gaze—to look into his eyes is to see for the last time. Do not speak out hastily. Before you address his majesty, you must put in your mouth a precious stone, lest your "contaminated" breath offend and infect him.

But you are not the only one who trembles before the Divine One. Courtiers often faint with fear at the sound of his voice. Chinese officials, upon receiving a summons from the Emperor, say their last farewells to their families, so slim are their chances of surviving a royal audience.

Now, you can venture behind the walls of this ominous citadel of Imperial China (survival guaranteed!) in the richly illustrated pages of Newsweek Books' *The Forbidden City*.

From the barbarous Middle Ages to the industrial upheaval of the Twentieth Century, China's emperors lived within these walls in extravagant luxury, totally isolated from their subjects and the plagues, wars and famines of the turbulent outside world.

Indeed, as its name implies, the Forbidden City was no mere castle, but a gargantuan "city-within-a-city"—a vast complex of halls, palaces, temples and pavillions linked by a maze of interconnecting courtyards, eerie corridors and secret passageways.

In this exciting volume, you'll tread the forbidding corridors of this awesome fortress and look in on the ornate pleasure rooms where Kublai Khan's successors abandoned themselves to the delights of the harem while their father's empire disintegrated around them.

You'll slip into a secret chamber and eavesdrop on plans for the most bizarre palace coup in the annals of history—an attempted overthrow of the powerful Ming Dynasty by a coalition of women and eunuchs.

You'll relive the dramatic parade of China's history—the construction of the Great Wall, the Mongol Conquest, the epochal visit of Marco Polo, the violent upheavals of the Nineteenth Century, the fires, the battles, the murders, the intrigues.

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Newsweek Books

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American Scene

In New York: Summer Soldiers *vs.* "Soviets"

It is 5 in the morning on a warm Saturday. New York City is asleep. But the crenellated red brick armory of the 101st Cavalry Squadron on Staten Island is busy. Hundreds of men in Army greens and black combat boots load trucks and Jeeps with weapons, tools, radios, medical gear. At 6:35 a.m., a 48-vehicle column rolls out, past the sleeping homes of Clove Lake Park, across the Goethals Bridge and into New Jersey. In twelve hours the 101st will reach Fort Drum on New York's border with Canada to begin its annual two-week summer training as scouts for the 8,500-man 42nd Infantry Division, Army National Guard.

Somewhere along Route 80, civilian life drops away. Instead of bus drivers or cops, insurance men or factory workers, the men begin to feel like troopers in the 101st Cavalry, a proud and dashing outfit that in 1916 chased Pancho Villa across Mexico. The horses were replaced by tanks in 1942, but a certain amount of cavalry élan persists. Thoughts of home and work are replaced by simpler concerns —food, a cigarette, a breakdown ahead. Vocabularies slide easily into the four-letter Anglo-Saxon mode. At dusk, when the group rolls into Fort Drum, the barracks area is like a class reunion as men greet one another after a year apart.

Fort Drum is huge. You could lose Detroit inside its perimeter and still have room for Manhattan Island and then some. Its rolling hills resemble the Rhineland, and this year's exercise, appropriately enough, involves a breakthrough by "Soviet" forces. Early Sunday the influence of legendary Tanker George Patton is obvious. Major General Joseph A. Healey, 50 (general manager, public services, New York Telephone Co.), trim and tough in freshly pressed greens, tells unit commanders, "These few days are precious. Begin to get angry about your mission of killing 'Russians.' "

The 101st checks out its 18 tanks. They are "Iron Coffins," old M-48 Pattons, recently modernized with 105-mm turret guns and twelve-cylinder diesels. Crashing through trees and brush, the 54-tonners seem invulnerable. Tankmen know better; but they think they can shoot faster and straighter than the "Russians." They have set up camp at a tank range, miles of scrub and shrubbery dotted with pop-up silhouette targets that look like Soviet tanks, trucks and armored cars. Staff Sergeant Donald Fogal, 36, tank commander (foreman in an auto parts plant), and his regular gunner, Sergeant Ron Pospisil, 31 (Xerox representative), have to run through the qualification course with a pickup driver, Corporal Victor Feliciano, 32 (nursing home worker), and loader, Corporal Terry Bell, 27 (prison teacher). They all work up a sweat piling the tank full of machine-gun ammunition and 105-mm shells that weigh 38 lbs. apiece.

"O.K.!" Fogal yells on the intercom. "Crank it up!" The diesel roars to life. They move out over the dusty range. Three T-62 tanks appear suddenly nearly a mile downrange. "Gunner! Heat! Tank!" Fogal screams. The words alert the crew, order a high-explosive anti-tank round to be loaded and specify the target.

"Identified!" says Pospisil, with the first tank in his gunsight. Fogal yells "Fire!" An orange flame bursts from the cannon. A thunderclap of sound. The tank rocks like a boat hitting a wave. The gunner's "On the way!" is drowned by the noise. "Target!" cries a voice from the control tower. A stench of burned powder chokes the crew as Bell loads another round. "Fire!" The breech slams back like a pile driver. Even with earplugs, the shuddering sound is unbelievable. "I flinch every time," says Bell. "Fire!" The control tower: "Target! Target! Good shooting." It is a perfect score: three tanks in 24 sec. at 1,150 meters.

Fogal's crew is debriefed by an Army evaluator. "Real good," he says. "You guys are ready for combat." General Edward C. Meyer, Army Chief of Staff, has helicoptered in to watch. As a reward for the tank's performance, Fogal is asked if he wants to meet the general. "Nope," says the sergeant.

At dawn there are dehydrated eggs, freeze-dried sausage, coffee, lemonade. Then a runner calls Fogal to a conference. A three-tank recon mission has been assigned. "Crank her up!" says Fogal, and they roll out of the woods onto a dirt road. He guides the lumbering tank carefully into strange territory. As the Patton dodges from one side of the road to the other, he guides its cannon constantly back and forth to cover the tree line. Rain begins to fall. The road turns to mud.

On the next mission, rolling across a field, the tank turns up a truck full of soldiers in specially tailored "Russian" uniforms. They are angry at being captured, and when a tankman climbs into their truck, he is roughly pushed off. In retaliation, his comrades tie the "Russians" up with their own belts. Inside Fogal's tank, a mess of C-ration cans, cartridge cases, girlie mags has accumulated. Also a dog-eared copy of *The Third World War: August 1985* by British General Sir John Hackett. It tells how the Soviets launch an attack from Eastern Europe. Before peace is made, Birmingham, England, and Minsk are wiped out.

Tank crew (clockwise from lower left): Bell, Fogal, Feliciano, Pospisil

By now the tankmen have forgotten their homes. They no longer know what day it is. Boots are caked with mud, uniforms black with sweat, faces smeared with camouflage, bug repellent and dirt.

Eventually, the 42nd moves up to take positions on the "frontier." Across the border are five enemy armored divisions and four motorized rifle divisions. The 101st is assigned to feel out the enemy and report back. Over the next two days, Fogal's tank destroys six or seven tanks. The 42nd stops the "Russian" armored attack in five days of fighting. Later, Fogal and his crew learn that the enemy was supposed to break through —but did not.

—By John Tompkins

Vacation on the Costa del Sol for less than it costs to stay at home

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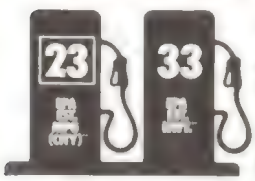

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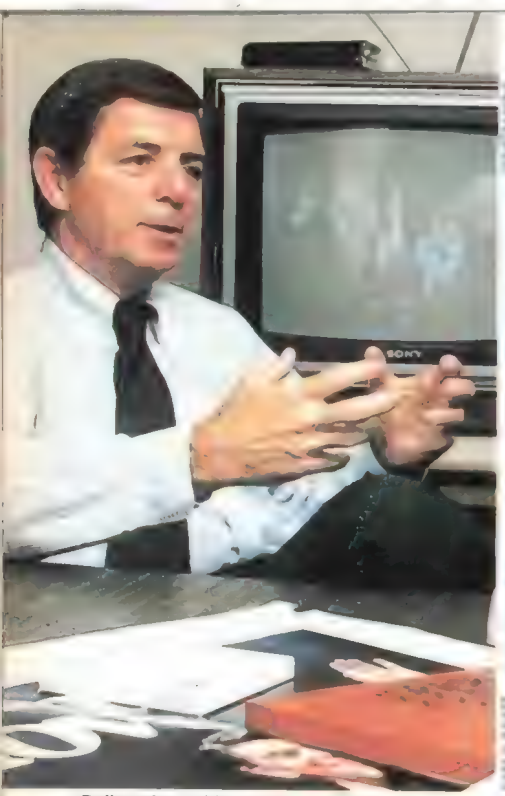


Dailey: the problem is the warrior image

Hoping to project warmth, Reagan is low-keyed in four scenes from his ads

Nation

TIME SEPTEMBER 29, 1980

Taking Those Spot Shots

Carter and Reagan put their money on prime time commercials

Now comes the $16 million question: Can paid political advertisements on television measurably influence the outcome of the Nov. 4 presidential election? Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan cannot be certain that their TV campaigns will make much difference at all, yet each is gambling roughly that amount in his drive to lure the American voter. For each, the $16 million is more than half of his allotted $29.4 million in total campaign funds—the highest percentage presidential candidates have ever devoted to television. In contrast, Independent John Anderson, who is not sure of getting federal funding, will be fortunate to raise for his entire campaign what the other two will spend on TV alone.

The ad splurges by Carter and Reagan were highly visible last week: shrewd television time buyers in each camp had grabbed spots on NBC's five-night-long Japanese soap, *Shōgun*, which soared to spectacular ratings, reaching more than half of all turned-on TV sets—or some 75 million Americans. Reagan spent $75,000 for an opening-night 60-sec. spot. Carter appeared twice later in the week, spending $112,500 on one 60-sec. and one 30-sec. pitch. He may have come out ahead in this scheduling duel since, unlike those of many serial shows, the *Shōgun* audience grew in later episodes.

The familiar 17-in. image of the President will be seen even more frequently in the weeks ahead. His buyers have booked him into network time every day until Nov. 4. So far, 22 Carter commercials have been completed. Reagan has been airing seven spots, while four more are in production. One on economics is scheduled to appear ten times this week in two different lengths. Reagan's experts estimate that the average TV viewer will see it at least twice. Anderson's handicap has been money. Three Anderson ads were aired this summer and more are planned—if the money is there.

But is viewing a TV ad a useful way for a voter to decide who is to be President? The familiar charge is that candidates are packaged like detergents and voters are manipulated by slick sales techniques. The media men who advise both Carter and Reagan contend that they do neither. All they do, they insist, is to permit their candidates to appear before millions in ways that bring out their best traits, not filtered or diffused by the TV news editor, who often catches a candidate at his worst in a public event, or the print reporter, who interprets what the candidate says.

It helps, of course, when the candidates' TV producers detect promotable qualities in the man they are selling. In the case of Carter and Reagan, the enthusiasm of their media masterminds is unbridled. Says Gerald Rafshoon, the former Atlanta adman who prepares Carter's commercials: "We've got the smartest guy in the race. We're going to play that up." Says Peter Dailey, on leave from his California ad agency to help Reagan: "He is one of the great communicators of his generation. Our only

Emphasizing his experience, Carter makes clear the White House is his home

Rafshoon: the bite is sometimes subliminal

problem is how to get that warmth compressed into 30 seconds of television."

Perhaps so, but a lot of sophisticated planning by the TV experts goes into just how their man is presented on the tube. The electronic campaigns of both Carter and Reagan have deliberately started on positive notes, aimed at bolstering shaky supporters and giving the millions of undecided Americans reasons for voting for rather than against the candidate.

Unfortunately, the positive pitches run the risk of being so bland as to go nearly unnoticed among all the teary dramatics and canned laughter of commercial television. Despite some lively visual effects, the Carter ads have been almost too successful in portraying the President as the quiet, calm, hard-working—and uninspiring—man that he is. Reagan is shown more often simply as what the TV experts term "a talking head"—just Ronnie in an easy chair, making his simple points in his smooth, soothing voice. The aim of the ads, says Reagan Aide Stuart Spencer, is to emphasize Reagan's "competence and compassion." By playing up compassion, Spencer says, the campaign is trying to convey the idea that Reagan would not get the U.S. into a war. Admits Spencer: "That's the biggest liability we have with the Governor's image."

Even the positive ads are intended to carry a subliminal bite. One of Carter's, for example, has an announcer describing the complexity of the modern presidency, compared with Lincoln's day, and flashes through scenes of Carter with the Emperor of Japan, Pope John Paul II, Israel's Menachem Begin and Egypt's Anwar Sadat. The five-minute film ends with a weary Carter returning to the White House at dusk to work on into the night. Finally, a lonely light burns in the President's study, and the announcer says, "He's not finished yet." What the viewer is supposed to wonder, of course, is whether Reagan, who will be 70 in February, could handle the load.

The second wave of commercials, most still being made, will get sharper. "Once you've created a positive base," says Reagan Senior Adviser James Baker, "then you can go on the attack." Last week, the Carter team tested one of its five anti-Reagan ads during a CBS movie. The scene was an empty Oval Office. A voice asked: "When you come right down to it, what kind of person should occupy the Oval Office? Should it be a person who, like Ronald Reagan, has a fractured view of America?"

As for Reagan, he sought to exploit Carter's absence from the League of Women Voters' debate by launching an ad blitz on Sunday and Monday. The setting was an empty podium. A woman's voice said: "Maybe he won't debate because he knows the real question is, 'Can we afford four more years of this?' "

The cost of a TV ad varies from $150 for 30 seconds on NBC's *Today* shown only in New York City, to $3,800 for 30 seconds nationally on *Days of Our Lives*, to $100,000 for 60 seconds during a prime-time pro football game broadcast across the U.S. Under federal law, a network selling time to one major presidential candidate must offer his opponent a slot with an audience of similar size.

Academic experts who have studied the impact of political TV advertising seriously doubt that the huge costs are worth the modest results. George Reedy, former press secretary for Lyndon Johnson and now a professor of journalism at Marquette University, believes that an appearance on a nightly network news show has far more punch with the voter than a commercial. Reedy is skeptical that it really helps Reagan to appear, as he did last week during *Shōgun*, between a beheading on the show and a tampon ad.

A study at M.I.T. directed by Edwin Diamond, a senior lecturer in political science, concluded that the TV ads in past presidential campaigns have served mainly to reinforce the opinion of voters who already favor one candidate. "People ain't dumb," says Diamond. "One-half of the population is now 33 or over. They grew up on television. They are not fooled by it. They know when they are being Daileyed and Rafshooned."

Even Reagan's TV expert Dailey cites studies showing that nearly a third of the commercial messages delivered over TV are misunderstood by viewers. "People aren't really intently listening," he says. "TV is a way to turn yourself off." Dailey recalls research showing that the electronic brain scan of a person watching TV is remarkably similar to that of the same person sleeping soundly.

The problem for the candidates as they strive to gain every edge—overt and subliminal—is tricky: How can they wake the viewers up and still appear cool and presidential? —*By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Douglas Brew with Reagan and Christopher Ogden with Carter.*

Reagan receiving a saddle in the 106° Texas sun, which was mild compared to Carter's rhetoric

Throwing High and Inside

Smudges on the horsehide as Carter plays hardball

"You take the high road and we'll take the low road," is the advice a presidential candidate usually gets from his top aides and running mate. But in his recent campaigning, President Carter has reversed that pattern, slashing with sharp hyperbole at Ronald Reagan while Jody Powell and other aides anxiously try to dampen his rhetorical excesses.

Carter started his attack earlier this month with insinuations that Reagan was opposed to world peace and in favor of an arms race that could lead to nuclear war. Last week he blitzed again. The blunt message: Reagan was a racist.

The Republican candidate had indeed opened himself to some retaliation on that score by noting pointedly on Labor Day that Carter was campaigning in Tuscumbia, Ala., "the city that gave birth to the Ku Klux Klan." Actually, Carter had denounced the Klan in his speech in Tuscumbia, which, anyway, was not the birthplace of the racist organization. Earlier, addressing a white audience in Mississippi, Reagan had spoken of "states' rights," a longtime code word for opposition to desegregation. He also had received, and quickly renounced, an unsolicited endorsement from one faction of the Klan.

But Carter was guilty of overkill last week when he spoke at the historic Ebenezer Baptist Church in Atlanta, once the pulpit of Martin Luther King Jr. and Sr. Flanked by the elder King, Coretta Scott King, former Ambassador Andrew Young and Atlanta Mayor Maynard Jackson, Carter attempted to rally the black vote he needs in force to carry his native region. Said he: "You've seen in this campaign the stirrings of hate and the rebirth of code words like 'states' rights,' [and] a campaign reference to the Ku Klux Klan relating to the South. Racism has no place in this country."

Carter seemed to recognize that he was walking a thin line. After charging that Reagan was at variance with the arms-control philosophy of every President since Harry Truman, he added: "I don't want to be misunderstood. I'm not insinuating that my opponent is for war and against peace." Nevertheless, the innuendo was there. After the speech, one Carter adviser lamented: "He looks tawdry and cheap." Said another: "We've got to get him to stop that."

Carter campaigning in South Carolina

Anderson preparing for debate with Reagan

Two days later, at his first press conference in six weeks, duly covered as a presidential, not a political news event by the big three networks, Carter ate up six of the allotted 30 minutes by making an opening statement about his accomplishments—a tactic that so angered the Reagan and Anderson camps that they asked for equal time. They may not have needed it, so thoroughly did reporters question Carter about his "mean" campaign assaults. "Obviously in the heat of a campaign there is some give-and-take on both sides," he said. He twice emphasized that he did not think his opponent was a racist. "The press seems obsessed with this issue," he said

Reagan's aides were worried about Carter's attacks. Said one: "We could be killed if we let the perception of racism and nuclear war set in without countering it." Some aides argued that he should respond to the President's tactics with strong language of his own. Others urged Reagan to play it cool, claiming that the candidate's mild, aw-shucks style would make Carter's attacks boomerang.

Reagan wisely chose to wear a white hat. "It's harmful and it's shameful because whether we're on opposite sides or not, we ought to be trying to pull the country together, not tear it apart," he lectured the President, obviously pleased at not being on the defensive for a change. George Bush acted the traditional running-mate role of counterpuncher. Said he: "I'm appalled at the ugly, mean little remark Jimmy Carter made last night." Gerald Ford went even further: "His intemperate and totally misleading statements demean the office of the presidency."

As the campaign became more heated, the two candidates dueled last week for Texas' 26 crucial electoral votes. Polls show the race to be close, with Reagan holding a slight edge. Carter barely won Texas in 1976, even with 87% of the Mexican-American vote. Since then, the state's Hispanic population has increased to 18% of the total, and Carter's first stop, logically, was before a largely Spanish-speaking audience in Corpus Christi.

Twice the President broke into Span-

ish, and he emphasized that he had appointed four times the number of Hispanic federal judges there were when he came into office. Carter's most valuable asset in Texas may be the promised appearances by Ted Kennedy, a hero in the Mexican-American community because of his name and his longstanding work in liberalizing immigration policies.

But Reagan was by no means willing to concede the Hispanic vote, taking on the Texas heat, wearing a Mexican guayabera shirt and touting his own record of appointing Hispanics to office. In his enthusiasm, he made his gaffe-of-the-week, proposing that all Mexican aliens who want to work in the U.S. be given visas "for whatever length of time they want to stay." The Governor later retracted the notion, saying that procedures for documenting workers would have to be negotiated, with time periods set for each visa.

Reagan's traveling entourage included enough clout to make even a Texan reel: former Governor John Connally, Governor Bill Clements, Senator John Tower, former Ambassador Anne Armstrong, and—drawing the biggest cheers—former Dallas Quarterback Roger Staubach. It paid off: at one dinner, Reagan raised $2.5 million for the state party.

Reagan returned from Texas at midweek to prepare for Sunday's encounter with John Anderson. He studied an image-molding memo from Pollster Richard Wirthlin with advice that gave an insight into his whole campaign. Some examples: "The Governor is perceived to be a leader. But it will be important that he comes across as less distant, more sympathetic, more caring, and more understanding ... Show the Governor is capable of enjoying a laugh ... Keep answers short, even on complex issues."

John Anderson, not expected to be a factor in Texas, also spent much of last week preparing for the debate. "I'm going to rest my voice," he rasped after a twelve-state tour. Anderson got some good news: he has met the petition requirements to get on the ballot in all 50 states, although certification and legal challenges are still under way. Reagan taunted the President: "If he doesn't debate, he will be telling the American people that he will not—that he cannot—defend his record.

The question remained whether the quickening presidential race will ever produce a debate on America's television screens that includes Carter. The President expressed again his own desire to meet Reagan in debate "anywhere in this nation and as frequently as possible." Reagan did not rule out a one-on-one, saying, "It wouldn't bother me a bit," but still was reluctant to exclude Anderson. Whether or not he would now take on Carter alone, Reagan said, would be decided this week. *—By Walter Isaacson. Reported by Douglas Brew with Reagan and Christopher Ogden with Carter*

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

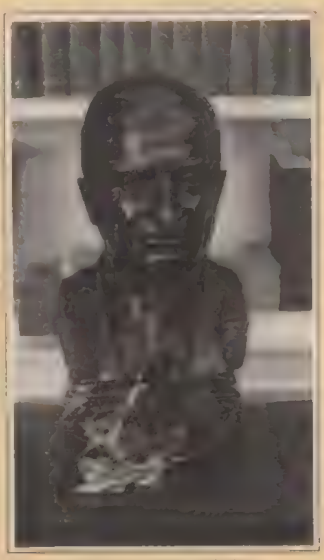
More Than a Candidate

"You have to appeal to people's best instincts, not their worst ones. You may win an election or so by doing the other, but it does a lot of harm to the country."
—Harry Truman

Old Harry (in bronze) stares right across the Oval Office at Jimmy Carter every day, but the message is not getting through. Carter's hyperbole on his own greatness and Ronald Reagan's shortcomings and John Anderson's illegitimacy as a candidate now comes close to being fiction. The totality of the White House assault on every Reagan word and phrase and on Anderson's effort to gain a wider audience seems at times a serious perversion of the campaign system. The wrath that escapes Carter's lips about racism and hatred when he prays and poses as the epitome of Christian charity leads even his supporters to protest his meanness, a judgment that was hardened last Thursday in the sour press conference where the President sought to dispel that very accusation.

There has been a body of muted opinion since the first days of Carter's stewardship contending that behind the beatific smile and inside the big heart lurks a nasty impulse, most often contained by success but apt to escape in times of stress and failure. Thus did Carter say unfortunate things publicly about Hubert Humphrey, Ted Kennedy and Cyrus Vance. But almost always the calm returned, and for the most part Carter appeared to practice the good will that he preached and prayed.

The past few days have revealed a man capable of far more petty vituperation than most Americans thought possible even in a dank political season. Maybe, as Truman says, Carter can win an election or two by being mean. But maybe not.


Truman in Carter's Oval Office

The thing that has sustained Carter through his time of leadership has been his personal appeal, a good man struggling to get experience against impossible odds and sinister forces. Now he seems to threaten that very icon of decency that he has created with such labor. He has turned away for the moment from his old friend St. Mark: "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

True, Reagan and Anderson are not men of unassailable political virtue. Reagan tried to link Carter with the Ku Klux Klan, and his exaggerations of the state of the world have at times transcended reality. But not even the Democrats suggest that Reagan is mean. Slow, maybe, but nice. Anderson has some of Carter's righteous evangelical fervor, which can be disturbing, but it has not been cruel. He has a perfect right to take a run at the brass ring.

A point that Carter seems to miss—once again—is that he is more than a candidate. First and foremost, he is President. The incumbency offers great conveniences and advantages in a presidential contest. But like the rest of life, with extra privilege comes extra responsibility. "Being bitter," mused Truman, "that's for people who aren't busy with other matters." Jimmy Carter should be so busy.

A subterranean worry that can now be detected all over Washington goes like this: If this is the real Jimmy Carter, what kind of a President would he be for the next four years, unfettered by the need to run again and the fear of a political defeat? Would he have an enemies list? Would he spend his time condemning those who disagreed with him? Let that thought jell in the American mind and it could do more damage than John Anderson in prime time. History has yet to record a great President who has not for the most part been restrained when accused, dignified when belittled and generous when challenged. Smallness in the presidency, no matter who the target, insults all of America.

"You cannot have a proud and chivalrous spirit if your conduct is mean and paltry," wrote Demosthenes, a political commentator of sorts, "for whatever a man's actions are, such must be his spirit."

Rafsanjani addressing the Iranian parliament

Muskie responding at his press conference

Mixed Signals from Iran

And it is hard to keep the hostages off the hustings

Deep in the heart of Texas, President Carter last week again raised, as he had on the morn of the Wisconsin and Kansas primaries, false hopes about a largely latent campaign issue: the fate of the hostages in Iran. The Iranians and their new government, said Carter in Corpus Christi, "are making statements that might very well lead to a resolution of this problem in the future."

But that very day, the optimistic tone of the President's remarks was contradicted by Secretary of State Edmund Muskie. Said he: "It would be a mistake to raise expectations based on any specific statements." Carter soon backtracked. At his press conference, he said, "I do not predict an early resolution of the issue."

Whatever optimism was warranted came from a change in the dynamics of the situation in Tehran that could—somehow, some day—lead to release of the 52 American hostages. For one thing, the power struggle is virtually over. The militant clerics appear to have won, and the U.S. at least knows with whom it must deal. For another, Iran finally has a government capable, at least in theory, of making decisions, although that was not readily apparent from the chaos in the long-awaited Majlis (parliament) debate last week. Finally, there are signs that the U.S. has begun more actively seeking a settlement, beginning with a conciliatory plea sent by Muskie last month to Prime Minister Mohammed Ali Raja'i.

Against this background, the Administration was still trying to assess a speech by the Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini two weeks ago, in which he listed conditions for the hostages' release without demanding an apology by the U.S. for its past conduct in Iran. Some American officials speculated that Khomeini dropped the demand so that his supporters could reinstate the issue as a bargaining tactic. Others felt that Khomeini may simply have forgotten to mention the point. Confessed one State Department analyst: "The man continues to mystify us."

In Tehran, Ali Akbar Hashemi Rafsanjani, speaker of the Majlis, seemed to be correcting the Ayatullah's omission by flatly declaring: "The U.S. must condemn its past crimes against the people of Iran." President Carter, just as flatly, responded: "The U.S. is not going to apologize." But Carter added that he had no objection to the Iranians airing their grievances at a legitimate forum, such as might be provided by the U.N. Last week President Abolhassan Banisadr revealed that the U.S. had again proposed such an inquiry. In addition, word leaked out that the State Department has been putting together a massive documentation of U.S. involvement in Iran for a possible hearing.

Meanwhile, in scenes of wild confusion, the Majlis decided to form a commission to study the fate of the hostages. Discussion over the powers of such a commission degenerated into a free-for-all denunciation of the U.S.

The State Department hopes the ruling clerics now realize that they must settle the hostage problem so they can better deal with Iran's soaring 80% inflation rate, sagging economy, foreign exchange shortage and border war with Iraq. Solving the crisis, says one Khomeini aide, "is something most of them want to do and none wishes to be seen doing." But despite the earlier flurry of optimistic headlines, the hostage crisis still seems to be a long way from being settled. ■

Brzezinski Keeps His Cool

He defends talking with Billy

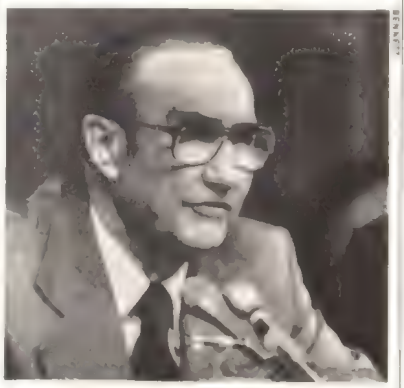
Senator Strom Thurmond: We're trying to get the truth, but we're not sure you're telling it.

Zbigniew Brzezinski: Excuse me, Senator. You may not be sure. I know I'm telling the truth.

That acerbic exchange was the high —or low—point of an eight-hour sparring match last week between the special Senate subcommittee investigating Billy Carter's profitable dealings with the Libyans and Brzezinski, who became the first National Security Adviser ever to testify before Congress.

The subcommittee wanted to know why in November he had used the President's none too diplomatic brother as a go-between to arrange talks at the White House with the Libyans about the American hostages in Tehran. Brzezinski replied that at the time, the White House was desperately searching for help in any quarter to free the hostages. He felt that using Billy was worth a try since Arab societies tend to put blood ties above formal positions in government. In fact, after Brzezinski met with Ali Houderi, Libya's top diplomat in Washington, the Libyan government issued a statement condemning the Iranian action. That move, Brzezinski claimed, "certainly prevented the jelling of a radical front at the time." He felt that it may have saved American lives.

Skeptical Senators wondered if Billy gained anything from his diplomatic mission. Vermont Democrat Patrick Leahy asked if the "effect of the meeting, intended or not, was to enhance the commercial value of Billy Carter." Replied Brzezinski, clearly bristling: "Our motive was not to help Billy Carter but to help the hostages." Billy served as "another limited source of leverage." At the time he asked for Billy's assistance, the Na-



Senator Thurmond raising questions

"We're trying to get the truth."

tional Security Adviser said, he was unaware of the First Brother's business links with the Libyans.

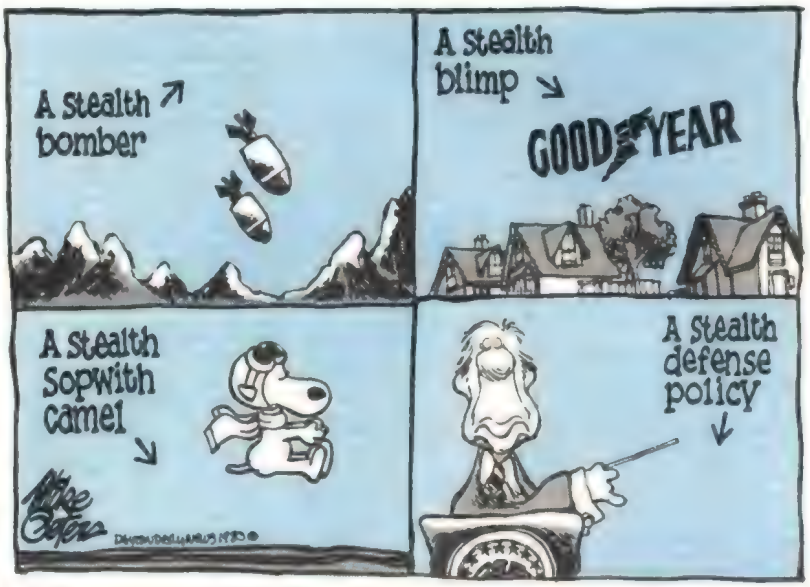
The Senators wanted to know why Brzezinski felt free to use information from a classified CIA report in warning Billy that his actions in Libya might embarrass the Administration. Brzezinski explained that on receiving the damaging report from CIA Director Stansfield Turner, he pondered the matter over lunch in his office, then concluded that "I would serve the President better if I first admonished Billy." According to Brzezinski, the President later told him, "You did the right thing." There was no breach of security, said Brzezinski, nor did he risk revealing the source of the CIA's information. Said Brzezinski: "Lots of people knew about Billy's business attempts, and certainly he did."

Not satisfied with this explanation, South Carolina Republican Thurmond complained that Brzezinski appeared to have been acting as the President's "political troubleshooter." Visibly tensing and almost spitting out his words, Brzezinski replied: "I consider that to be a highly improper insinuation, and it doesn't adequately or accurately describe my motives —to protect the national interest."

While Brzezinski was an open and often persuasive witness, some of his interrogators thought some of his actions were symptomatic of an Administration in disarray. Said Maryland Republican Charles Mathias: "It seems to me that we're dealing with a series of innocent blunders, but they all add up to an appearance of incompetence." With Brzezinski the committee's last public witness, the Democrats are in a hurry to wrap up the investigation by the subcommittee's Oct. 4 deadline and get Billy out of the news.

But that may prove difficult. Still another of Billy's business ventures was disclosed last week. Billy and a California businessman, Terry Barnes, have been peddling souvenir $2 bills and Inaugural envelopes bearing facsimiles of the President's signature for $150 each. The entrepreneurs aim to gross as much as $5.5 million. Barnes has already sold 13,000 of the envelopes, even though dealers say their real value is no more than $12. ■

Brzezinski answering his critics
"I know I'm telling the truth."



Chronicle of a Security Leak

How the Stealth plane lost its cloak of invisibility

The argument will rage on until Election Day: Did the Carter Administration cynically leak military secrets to help the President win re-election? Or was it only releasing heartening defense news that was rapidly becoming public anyway? And more important, was the national security really damaged by disclosure that the U.S. is developing a Stealth bomber that may be able to elude Soviet radar? Although still incomplete, the reconstruction of how the news came out makes a fascinating —and disturbing—tale.

For an extremely sensitive project, Stealth was talked about amazingly early, and often. A former official of an aerospace company reports that he heard as early as 1962 about a project to develop a plane that would be nearly invisible to radar. Stories about the aircraft began appearing in such technical journals as *Defense Daily* and *Aerospace Daily* as early as 1975. The Stealth project was not even stamped classified until 1977 by Defense Secretary Harold Brown; items continued to appear after that year. In 1979 a novel called *Poseidon's Shadow* described the use of an oddly shaped U.S. spy plane named *Stealth F* in a confrontation against the Soviets. Author Allen Paul Kobryn says he got the idea from stories in *Aviation Week* and the New York *Times*.

Still, up until early August, the details of the project were as shadowy as the plane was meant to be on a radar screen. All that was generally known was that the U.S. was working on some sort of radar-foiling aircraft, although aspects of the program had been quietly incorporated into the design of the operational SR-71 reconnaissance plane and the cruise missile. Then someone began leaking news on Stealth. Within five days, *Aviation Week*, ABC-TV and the Washington *Post* reported on the project. On Aug. 14, *Post* Reporter George C. Wilson wrote that President Carter was about to commit himself to the development of a bomber "virtually invisible to enemy radar" and that it might help him counter Republican charges that he had neglected U.S. defenses. Actually, Carter has not gone that far, but the Administration is seriously considering recommending the development of a bomber using the Stealth technology.

The story horrified military commanders. General Richard H. Ellis, chief of the Strategic Air Command, whose men would fly the Stealth, telegraphed the Pentagon that the story "brought the hair up on the back of my neck." He urged his superiors to "discredit" the story.

The Pentagon did the exact opposite. It told Benjamin F. Schemmer, owner and editor of the widely respected *Armed Forces Journal*, that he could now publish a detailed story about Stealth that he had been sitting on for two years at the Government's request. Indeed, William J. Perry, Under Secretary of Defense for Research and Engineering, briefed Schemmer with additional information.

Then Perry talked to members of the Senate Armed Services Committee and the Defense Appropriations Subcommittee about Stealth. He told the Senators that the Pentagon had heard that *Armed Forces Journal* would soon carry an in-depth article on Stealth. That was disingenuous, since Perry knew perfectly well the story would appear the next day, Aug. 21, and would disclose that the U.S. had been test-flying "virtually invisible

aircraft" for two years. Perry then asked the Senators, both Democratic and Republican, to make a joint statement calling for a press conference to announce Stealth to the public and, in the interests of national security, set limits on what could be disclosed.

The Senators declined to give the Pentagon that reason for calling a press conference. Said Texas Republican John Tower: "That was a brand-new concept, that you limit the damage of leaks by confirming them."

As Perry well knew, the Defense Secretary had already scheduled a press conference on Stealth two days later. The timing had been carefully worked out by Brown's press officer, Thomas Ross, to precede—and take some of the sting out of—release of a report about what had gone wrong with the aborted April mission to rescue the hostages in Iran.

Before TV camera crews and about 100 reporters, Brown confirmed that the U.S. had indeed test-flown a plane that was hard for radar to detect, said that it "cannot be successfully intercepted with existing air defense systems" and boasted that the development "alters the military balance" in favor of the U.S.—even though a fully operational Stealth bomber could not fly until 1987 at the earliest.

That did it. Reagan charged that the Administration had deliberately leaked "some of the most highly secret weapons information since the Manhattan Project" (which developed the atomic bomb), in order to make Carter look supervigilant on defense matters. Carter called the charge "cheap politics." He recalled, correctly, that it was his Administration that had classified the Stealth program in the first place, and claimed, very inaccurately, that the Administration had "been successful for three years in keeping the entire system secret." But he left most of the burden of replying to Brown.

Brown's defense for going public was that he had no choice. Once widely publicized leaks about Stealth began appearing, he argued, it made sense to disclose as much as he could in order to create a "firebreak" that would contain further public discussion. To deny the story, as SAC Commander Ellis urged, would be wrong, Brown later told a House subcommittee probing the affair: "As the nation learned to its bitter regret in the Watergate era, a policy of deceiving the public undermines the basic link of trust between the Government and the people."

True enough, but Brown made a mistake by trumpeting Stealth at a press extravaganza instead of merely handing out a release. "I'm not surprised that it caused a storm," he now says. "I guess I am surprised at the size." The storm blew up, understandably, because Brown seemed to be citing Stealth as an example of the Administration's military prowess—an act with obvious, overt political overtones. Still, Brown flatly denies that he acted to help Carter politically.

As for the advance briefing of Schemmer, the Pentagon contends that it was only doing a favor to a journalist: since a press conference had already been scheduled to break the news of Stealth to the world, officials wanted a newsman who had loyally suppressed his information at their request to be first, rather than last, with the full story. That explanation satisfied many journalists—but not Schemmer himself, who told the House subcommittee that he considered it "a leak for political reasons."

Did the Stealth disclosures damage national security, and how much? The answers are not easy to pin down. Certainly the Soviets, who are devoted readers of U.S. technical journals, knew that the U.S. had a radar-eluding plane under development, and enough is known about the basic technology of foiling radar to enable them to figure out roughly how it would work and even when it might be operational. It is hardly a secret that Congress has ordered the Administration to have a new manned bomber ready by 1987. Even so, a number of Democrats as well as Republicans fear that Brown's disclosures have helped the Soviets. "Previously, they were just guessing," says New York Congressman Samuel Stratton, a Carter supporter who chaired the subcommittee that looked into the affair.

Who was behind the August leaks that Brown contends forced him to go public on Stealth? Republicans charge that with or without Brown's knowledge, the White House let out enough information to justify calling a press conference to brag about Stealth—and indeed the sudden burst of stories suggests a coordinated selling campaign. Some Washington journalists and Congressmen suspect the National Security Council was the source. The Administration denies that the leaks came from the NSC or the White House, and Carter has even ordered a Justice Department investigation.

Administration officials realistically point out that what remained of the Stealth secret could not have been kept much longer. The project has reached a stage that would require major funding in the fiscal year that begins Oct. 1, 1981. The Government would have had to brief many in Congress on the project early next year, and at that point the leaks surely would have become a flood. So at most the Soviets have gained a six-month start on crash development of countermeasures. Given the many years needed to perfect new techniques of warfare, that seems a marginal advantage. But given the stakes, it appears unwise for the Administration to have handed the U.S.S.R. even a tiny edge—and to have given the appearance of playing politics with the nation's defense. *—By George J. Church. Reported by Richard Hornik and Don Sider/Washington*

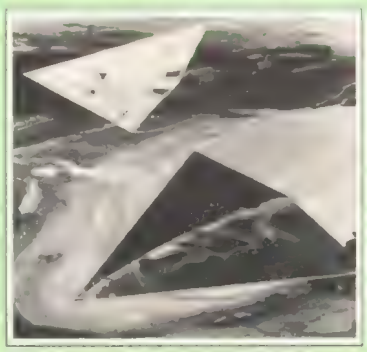
Hiding in the Sky

Nearly 40 years of research into the art of blinding radar's all-seeing eye have made the basic technology well enough known—to the Soviets, among others—to permit a general description of the Stealth's features.

Size. The smaller a plane, the less surface it presents to radar waves. Thus the prototype Stealth aircraft undoubtedly is small. *Jane's All the World's Aircraft*, the authoritative catalogue compiled in England, reports that the early version was a single-seater, presumably about the size of a fighter.

Shape. Sharp angles and large projections—engine pods, for example—reflect radar waves well; curving lines do not. Accordingly, the Stealth is slickly streamlined.

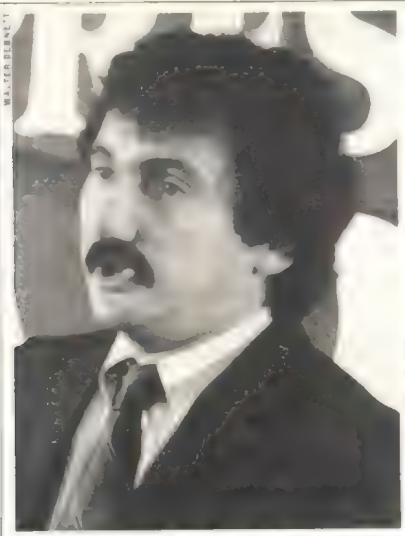
Materials. The Stealth is made not of metal, for the most part, but of a substance that includes graphite, epoxy resins, plastic and asbestos filaments. These materials absorb and diffuse radar waves. Special radar-absorbent paints also may be used.



Boeing concept of a radar-foiling plane

In addition, the Stealth is said to use special materials to insulate hot parts of the engine and thus shield them from infrared or heat-seeking devices. According to the *Armed Forces Journal*, the exhaust nozzles are bent at odd angles, dispersing the fumes in a pattern that confuses heat sensors, such as those aboard Soviet ground- or air-launched missiles. Stealth employs electronic countermeasures—secret, computerized devices that send out confusing radar signals.

All that, Pentagon officials concede, still does not make the Stealth totally invisible. Soviet radar and other detection devices eventually would pick up a Stealth-type bomber, but the hope is they could not fix its location, speed and altitude until too late. By then, the plane could have launched cruise missiles or even dropped bombs.



The manager at his headquarters

Kraft Drops Out

Carter loses a lieutenant

In the middle of a close re-election campaign, Jimmy Carter can scarcely afford any trouble with his staff. But last week Tim Kraft, 39, Carter's national campaign manager, was forced to step down while a special prosecutor investigates charges that Kraft has used cocaine. Kraft got no argument from fellow Carter staffers. Though they had strongly defended Hamilton Jordan against similar drug charges last year, they were unwilling to make the same stand for Kraft, whose flamboyant life-style has brought him notoriety in Washington. In fact, when Jordan was under investigation, his friends intimated that the Justice Department was going after the wrong man.

During his testimony before a federal grand jury, Evan Dobelle, who was replaced by Kraft as campaign chief, was asked if he had ever seen his successor use drugs. At first Dobelle refused to answer. But under pressure, he reluctantly told the grand jury that he had observed Kraft snorting cocaine in New Orleans in 1978. In accordance with the 1978 Ethics in Government Act, which requires that investigations of serious wrongdoing by top Government officials be handled by special prosecutors, Gerald J. Gallinghouse, former U.S. attorney for New Orleans, was appointed to examine the Kraft case.

Kraft is not expected to return to the campaign committee, but he will continue to collect his $56,000-a-year salary; he will need it. Jordan's ultimately successful defense cost at least $100,000. Four regional directors will split up Kraft's responsibilities, but they lack his close personal ties to almost everyone in the campaign, from the President to the field staff. Said a staffer: "We will miss Tim's day-to-day leadership. He was our problem solver." ■

Defeat for Dixy Lee Ray

A psychiatrist whips the zoologist Governor of Washington

"Nature did not make me willowy," Dixy Lee Ray once observed. Nature did not make her a diplomat, either. Four years ago, intrigued by Ray's bluff manners and blunt speech, voters elected her Governor of Washington. But once she was in office, her attitude came to seem less hearty than arrogant, and last week she went down to a stunning defeat. Democrats chose State Senator James A. McDermott as their gubernatorial nominee, with 59% of the votes.

It was an unusual campaign, pitting two candidates trained in science against each other. Ray, 66, was a professor of zoology before joining the Atomic Energy Commission, which she headed in 1973-74; McDermott, 43, is a psychiatrist who continued treating patients to supplement his $9,600-a-year legislative salary until after he began his run for Governor in April. From the start, Ray was the issue.

"She was nuked to death," says Campaign Manager C. Montgomery Johnson in explanation of Ray's defeat. Indeed, Ray's outspoken advocacy of more nuclear power proved unpopular. In particular, she angered many voters by insisting on keeping open a dump at Hanford for nuclear wastes, including atomic garbage trucked in from other states. Said Ray: "There has to be some place to put it." McDermott favors expansion of nuclear power only "as a last resort," and wants to close the Hanford dump to all radioactive wastes except those from medical facilities.

Many other factors hurt Ray, particularly her highhanded style. Said Blair Butterworth, who ran Ray's campaign in 1976 and this year helped to run her opponent's: "It was not any issue in itself, but the way she handled issues. She ridiculed those who disagreed with her. She antagonized people."

She even managed to make an enemy of powerful and popular Warren G. Magnuson, who has represented Washington in the U.S. Senate since 1944. Needing the support of Gordon Walgren, Democratic leader in the state senate, to block a bill on prison expansion, Ray offered to appoint him to Magnuson's seat if Magnuson should die. When Walgren reported the offer publicly, Magnuson, who is 75 and campaigning for a seventh term, was enraged. He shouted at reporters: "I want to tell the Governor there ain't gonna be no vacancy." He later endorsed McDermott for Governor, and his aides handed out MAGNUSON-MCDERMOTT T shirts.

McDermott, a specialist trained in both adult and child psychiatry, entered politics in 1970 after leaving the Navy, where he had been chief psychiatrist at the Long Beach Naval Station in California. He won election to the Washington house of representatives in 1970 and to the state senate in 1974. During the gubernatorial primary campaign, he presented himself, in contrast to Ray, as moderate in both thought and personality. Said he: "I'm a thoughtful listener before I leap. I'm a problem solver at heart. That's what a psychiatrist is by profession. So if someone wants to put a gun to his head, a psychiatrist tries to help find some other solution to the problem."

McDermott's problem in November will be defeating King County [Seattle] Executive John Spellman, 53, who narrowly bested two rivals in the Republican primary. Spellman, a plodding campaigner, lost to Ray in 1976, but since then has won wide acclaim for completing Seattle's domed stadium, the Kingdome, with no cost overruns. He is now considered a formidable opponent. ■

The loser listening to primary returns

Winner James McDermott hearing the news

Shouted Senator Magnuson: "Tell the Governor there ain't gonna be no vacancy."

The Senate: Issues of Personality

A Senator unexpectedly finds himself running against a woman who is famous for winning uphill battles. A liberal suddenly discovers that his biggest rival is the Roman Catholic hierarchy. A classic confrontation between the opposite ends of an industrial state. A Congressman uses his acquittal on vote-buying charges to calculated advantage. All are part of this year's House and Senate races, as illustrated by TIME*'s continuing series on the congressional contests.*

The Gary and Mary Show

"You cannot label Gary Hart," boasts an ebullient supporter of the Democratic Senator from Colorado. Indeed, Hart first achieved national prominence as the manager of George McGovern's 1972 presidential campaign. But then Hart won election to the Senate in 1974, with 59% of the vote, and quickly established himself as neither liberal nor conservative on key issues. For instance, he favors increasing the Pentagon budget, especially for more small ships and more fighter-bombers that can operate from small airfields. He also backs nuclear plants, though he thinks that atomic power will eventually be abandoned as too expensive. In a normal political year, Hart would be a clear favorite for re-election.

But Colorado voters this year are leaning heavily toward Ronald Reagan, and the Senator's Republican opponent is no ordinary politician. At 22, Mary Estill Buchanan was widowed, gave birth to her second child and graduated from Wellesley College, all within twelve months. The petite Buchanan (5 ft. 2 in.) went on to Harvard Business School (M.B.A. '62), a career as a labor-management consultant, a second marriage and four more children before her divorce in 1976.

After serving on several state advisory boards, she was elected Colorado's secretary of state in 1974 and four years later was re-elected by a record 522,000 votes. This year at 45, she set her sights on Hart's seat and beat Runner-Up Howard ("Bo") Callaway, the former Georgia Congressman and Secretary of the Army, who owns an elegant ski resort in Crested Butte, Colo., by 1,603 votes for the Republican nomination.

Since then, Buchanan has hit Hart hard for supporting the Panama Canal Treaties and for backing Jimmy Carter in 80% of his Senate votes. Says she: "He votes one way and talks another when he is back here. He is a liberal, McGovernite carpetbagger." Hart retorts that Buchanan's charges reflect her narrow viewpoint and insists that his campaign will rise above partisanship. Says he: "I will not ignore her. We will interact and debate, but I am going to run a campaign for the 1980s. What is her plan for the environment? For national defense? For the economy? It took me a year or so to formulate my ideas."

While Buchanan is scrambling to raise a modest war chest of $200,000, Hart has had no trouble collecting $600,000 for his campaign. Says he: "I don't feel vulnerable at all." ■

Hart insists that he is not vulnerable

An East-West Game

East is east and west is west, as Kipling knew, but in Pennsylvania the twain meet regularly, in bitter contests for public office between politicians from Philadelphia and those from the Pittsburgh area. This year the prize is the Senate seat being vacated by retiring Republican Richard Schweiker. The contestants are Democratic former Mayor Peter Flaherty, 55, of Pittsburgh and Republican former District Attorney Arlen Specter, 50, of Philadelphia.

The candidates both have a history of losing. Flaherty, despite plaudits from many western Pennsylvania voters for having faced down Pittsburgh's municipal unions and cut the city payroll by about 25% while he was mayor in 1970-77, lost the Senate race against Schweiker in 1974 and the Governor's race against Republican Richard Thornburgh in 1978, partly because of insufficient support in Philadelphia. Specter, a household name in Philadelphia as a crusading district attorney in 1966-74, lost the 1976 Republican Senate primary to John Heinz and the 1978 gubernatorial primary to Thornburgh, partly because he could not attract enough votes in western Pennsylvania.

The candidates differ little on the issues. Both promise to back measures that would revive Pennsylvania's coal and steel industries. Both have endorsed a mixture of tax cuts and "supply side" incentives to improve the national economy. Both back the MX mobile missile system; Specter charges that Flaherty is "soft on national defense" because he opposes the defunct B-1 bomber and neutron bomber programs, but Flaherty counters that he supports the cruise missile and Trident submarine programs.

Flaherty cultivates voters in Philadelphia

The race thus boils down mostly to a choice between personalities. Specter has hired Campaign Consultant David Garth, who has put together a series of TV ads that portray the ex-D.A. as a man who would serve all Pennsylvanians, from the poor in Philadelphia to the steelworkers in Pittsburgh. Specter has also amassed a war chest of $1 million, including $525,000 from state and national Republican committees. Flaherty, whose previous campaigns were managed by his wife, has taken elocution lessons from a college debate coach and hired Washington Pollster Peter Hart, who advised him to stress his record as mayor, particularly when campaigning in Philadelphia, where the contest will probably be settled.

Two years ago, Flaherty was torpedoed in Philadelphia's black wards by Republican claims that as Pittsburgh's mayor he had neglected the city's ghettos and opposed busing as a way to desegregate schools. This year he has carefully cultivated Philadelphia's black leaders. Moreover, he has the support of two popular vote getters: Philadelphia Mayor William Green and Massachusetts Senator Edward Kennedy, who could provide him with the edge he needs to beat Specter on his home ground. ■

Illustrations for TIME by David Levine

The House: Matters of Morality

Fighting the Church

When the Vatican ordered Massachusetts Democrat Robert Drinan, a Jesuit priest, to withdraw from public office last May, 15 politicians lunged for his seat in Congress. By August, polls indicated that Barney Frank, 40, a Harvard-educated former aide to Boston Mayor Kevin White and a popular state legislator for eight years, was the clear favorite. Frank had been endorsed by Drinan and Senator Edward Kennedy. Moreover, voters in the largely liberal district, which includes wealthy Boston suburbs and factory towns in central Massachusetts, liked the rumpled candidate's advocacy of more public spending on mass transit, senior citizens' programs, and housing for the poor.

But the district is also heavily Catholic. On the Sunday before last week's primary, priests in the Boston-area Catholic churches read a pastoral letter from Humberto Cardinal Medeiros. Proclaimed the archbishop: "Those who make abortion possible by law cannot separate themselves from the guilt which accompanies this horrendous crime and deadly sin." His targets were two front runners who had been outspokenly liberal on abortion: first-term incumbent Congressman James Shannon, a Catholic, in the Fifth District, northwest of Boston,* and Frank, a Jew, in the Fourth District, who is a strong supporter of the ERA and equal rights for homosexuals, as well as public financing of abortions for poor women. His chief opponent, six-term Waltham Mayor Arthur Clark, a Catholic, had staunchly opposed abortions and had received heavy financial support from anti-abortion groups. Said Clark: "The church has the right to step in because there is an erosion of moral fiber in this country."

But others in the Boston area were upset with Medeiros for having crossed the line between church and state. When Worcester's Monsignor Leo Battista and 29 other Catholic clergymen asked Drinan to withdraw his endorsement of Frank, the priest refused. He warned the hierarchy that it risked damaging the church by involving itself in the race. Said he: "The authority of the church in parts of this district is dreadful."

Despite the clergy's opposition, Frank won the nomination by a slim margin of 4,499 votes. More than half of his support came from the richer and less Catholic eastern end of the district. Said Frank: "I sometimes felt as though I was wrestling a tag team, with different people coming into the ring against me." Winning the district's Democratic nomination is usually tantamount to election. Moreover, Frank's Republican opponent is little known: retired Army Dentist Richard Jones, 45, a conservative from the town of Harvard, who opposes gun control and federal funding of abortions. But Frank intends to take no chances, and will run flat out. The conservatives' tag game almost worked last week—and in one of the most liberal districts in the country. ■

*Who nonetheless coasted to renomination

Frank intends to take no chances

Tucking Tail and Running

Claude ("Buddy") Leach's political future looked bleak indeed after he narrowly won his congressional seat in Louisiana's Fourth District two years ago. He was subsequently indicted for buying votes in both the primary and general elections. A total of 35 people have been convicted in the scandal, including the mayor of Leach's home town of Leesville, but Leach was acquitted.

In his campaign for re-election, Leach, 46, turned the affair into a major issue. Radio and TV ads called his indictment "one of the worst political injustices in history." Said a commercial: "He made one terrible error—he won. So they beat him with headlines and lawsuits, with indignities and insults." In another TV ad, his wife Laura Ann, on the verge of tears, described their twelve-year-old daughter's reaction to the indictment: "She took his hand and said, 'I know you could never do anything wrong.' "

The strategy has been working well enough. In last week's primary, Leach led a field of six candidates with 29% of the vote. He now faces a runoff in November against Businessman Charles ("Buddy") Roemer III, 36. Leach's constituents have a rather relaxed view of ballot buying, or what in Louisiana is quaintly called the "commercial vote." Says a Bossier City lawyer, with a chuckle: "There's nothing new about it. It's just against the law."

Leach turns his acquittal into an issue

The Fourth District, which includes oil-booming Shreveport, is about half urban, half rural and, say residents, 100% conservative. "Down there," says a Fourth District trucking executive, referring to southern Louisiana, "they are for free spending, free love and horse racing. We're ultraconservative." Even the black vote, which favored Roemer, is considered fairly conservative. Observes a black educator: "This is a very unique area."

On the stump, Leach scarcely differed from his opponents in opposing inflation and favoring tax reduction and a strong national defense. He keeps things simple. In a speech to a group of nutritionists, he declared: "The breakdown in human relations is the result of early childhood training."

The runoff is expected to be close. Roemer, who owns a farm, a computer service and two Mexican restaurants, is a trimmer, more polished performer than Leach. But he also has scandal in his background. His father, Charles Roemer II, former state commissioner of administration, has been indicted for bribery in Brilab, an FBI sting operation, in New Orleans.

So far, there has been no sign of the commercial vote in this year's election in the Fourth District. Explains a businessman: "Even dummies know when to tuck their tails and run." ■

Battle in the Pentagon

The generals cross swords with the Army Secretary

His credentials shine like the medals on a war hero's chest. He graduated from Harvard with honors and from Yale Law School. Before he was 30 he became an assistant to McGeorge Bundy, who was National Security Adviser to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, and then was named chairman of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. Thus when Jimmy Carter in 1977 appointed Clifford L. Alexander, now 47, the Army's first black Secretary, he seemed well suited for the job, even though his only previous military experience was six months as a private in 1958.

But almost from his first day in the Pentagon, Alexander has been embroiled in arguments with his generals. Most of the disagreements stem from Alexander's insistence that the nation's seven-year-old all-volunteer force (AVF) is "as good or better" than the old Army, which filled its ranks mostly with draftees. The generals echo the official line in public. But in private they claim that the AVF is failing because it has had to lower standards to meet recruiting goals. Says one general of his peers: "All of them are lying when they say, 'We don't need a draft.' Get any one of them in the evening, with a martini in his hand, and he will say, 'Of course we need a draft.' "

Critics accuse Alexander of ignoring or explaining away data that suggest the AVF is not working. All inductees, for example, must take a battery of tests that group them by mental ability, from the brightest (Category I) to the dullest (Category V). A study this summer showed that a disturbingly high 46% of the 1979 recruits ranked in Category IV. Those in Category V are automatically rejected as unfit. Alexander sided with consultants who concluded that the real problem was the Army's use of a test that was designed to measure aptitudes rather than intelligence. He ordered all scores removed from personal records, to keep them from being misused. Says Alexander: "What is relevant is how well these individuals perform as soldiers." Yet, on a test that evaluated on-the-job performance, 89% of the motor vehicle drivers and 85% of the Huey helicopter repairmen failed.

Many generals fear that the Army's fighting ability will be eroded by favoritism showed by Alexander toward women. Recruiting of women was made easier by Alexander last year when he eliminated the requirement that all female enlistees be high school graduates; there had been no such requirement for men, though Congress has directed that 65% of all recruits, male or female, have high school diplomas. Some 65,000 women now serve in the Army, compared with 45,000 in 1976. Alexander also believes that the last barriers prohibiting women from being put in combat units should be eliminated. The brass disagrees. Says Army Chief of Staff Edward C. Meyer, in a rare public rejoinder: "I don't think women should be assigned a direct combat role. I don't believe the Army should try that experiment."

Critics charge that Alexander regards the AVF as an avenue for upward mobility by disadvantaged blacks. When he took office blacks made up 22.3% of the Army; now they constitute 29.2% (the national population is 12% black). Says one general: "He leans too hard on the race issue. He rams it down your throat." Retorts Alexander: "I am concerned about *all* soldiers in the Army and *all* will be treated equitably." Alexander got into shouting matches with Meyer's predecessor, General Bernard Rogers, over promotions and assignments. Rogers was reassigned in 1979 to Belgium as Supreme Allied Commander of NATO.

After 3½ years of feuding with Alexander, many generals have concluded that he is blind to the importance of the brass in a peacetime Army. Says a retired lieutenant general: "He understands privates, but his interest and respect does not extend to the professional NCOs and officers, and those are the people who keep the Army going on the dark nights." Replies a former civilian aide to Alexander: "Some of the generals think that they are due respect just because they have a couple of stars on their shoulders. Cliff doesn't look at it that way." ■

Light on the Road to Damascus

Titan terror explodes in the Arkansas hills

What was once a Titan II missile silo is now a gaping crater, 250 ft. wide

Shortly after sunset one day last week, a maintenance worker on the third level of a silo housing a 103-ft. Titan II intercontinental ballistic missile near Damascus, in the Arkansas hills north of Little Rock, dropped the socket of a wrench. The 3-lb. tool plummeted 70 ft. and punctured a fuel tank. As flammable vapors escaped, officials urged the 1,400 people living in a five-mile radius of the silo to flee. The instructions: "Don't take time to close your doors—just get out."

And with good reason. At 3:01 a.m., as technicians gave up trying to plug the leak and began climbing from the silo, the mixture of fuel and oxygen exploded. Orange flames and smoke spewed out, lighting up the sky over Damascus. The blast blew off a 750-ton concrete cover. One worker was killed; 21 others were hurt.

Officials reported that no radiation leaked from the missile, which was tipped with a multimegaton nuclear warhead. But the explosion was the second accident of the week involving U.S. nuclear weapons; the first was a fire at Grand Forks Air Force Base, N. Dak., that damaged a B-52 bomber thought to be carrying 32 short-range, nuclear missiles.

The incidents reopened the debate over the safety of the U.S. nuclear arsenal, particularly of the 54 liquid-fuel Titan II missiles, which date from 1963; 18 of them are based in Arkansas, the rest in Arizona and Kansas. Air Force Secretary Hans Mark, a rocketry expert, insists that the Titans are not obsolete and are "a perfectly safe system to operate," despite 40 mishaps in ten years, two of them resulting in deaths or injuries. At the very least, Democratic Senator David Pryor of Arkansas demanded, the Air Force should set up a more effective warning system for Titan II sites. Said he: "Right now we are using the Paul Revere method—word of mouth." ■

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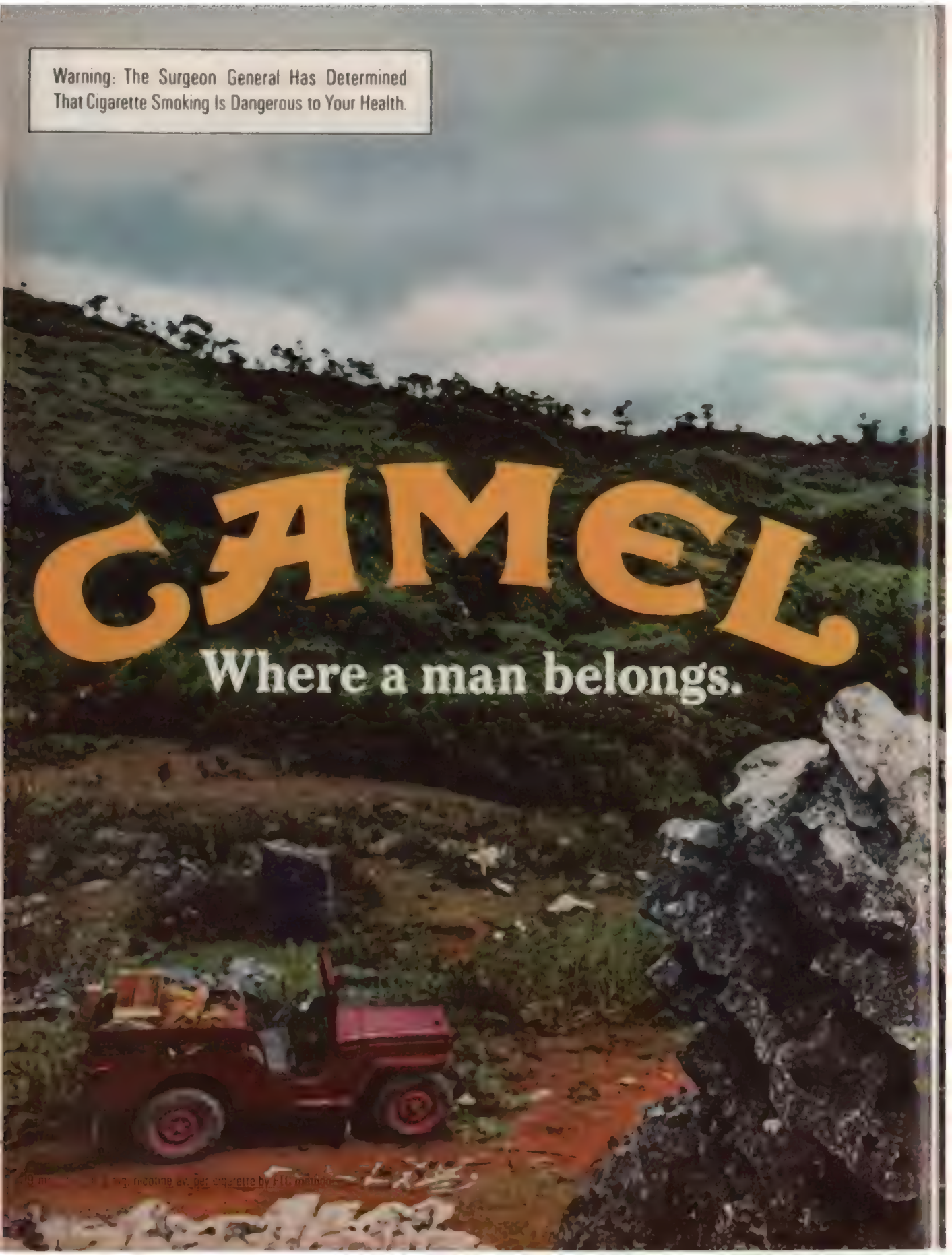
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With the Azapkapi mosque in background, military vehicles crowd the civilian traffic on the Atatürk Bridge in Istanbul

World

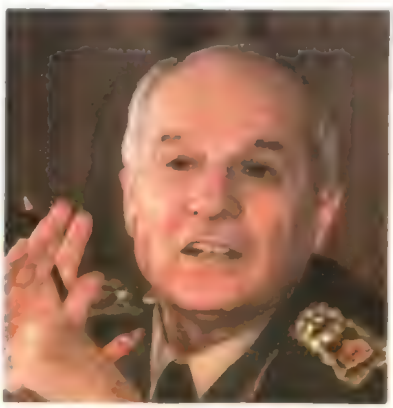
TURKEY

An Uneasy Honeymoon

The generals' takeover brings relief, and some foreboding

The most obvious effect of the military intervention that overthrew the Turkish government of Prime Minister Süleyman Demirel two weeks ago was the widespread sense of relief it produced. After months of rising terrorism by both the extreme left and extreme right, the country allowed itself to settle into a state of unaccustomed relaxation. Civilians waved at tanks rumbling through the streets of Istanbul. Automobile drivers shook hands with soldiers who manned the roadblocks. Storekeepers raised their bomb-proof shutters for the first time in months, and restaurants began to fill up again in the evenings. Some city dwellers looked far trimmer than usual, simply because they no longer packed pistols inside their coats or waistbands. Ankara's English-language *Turkish Daily News*, reflecting the prevailing mood, announced in a banner headline: LIFE BACK TO NORMAL THROUGHOUT TURKEY.

Well, almost. Incidents of renewed terrorism marred the junta's uneasy post-coup honeymoon. Vowing opposition to the military regime, leftist guerrillas ambushed and killed a tank captain in Adana and a senior police officer in Istanbul. A left-wing extremist was killed in Istanbul when friends tried to free him from police custody. In the meantime, the military's roundup of suspected extremists continued, with more than 2,000 under arrest by the end of the week, and the offices of some 150 labor unions were closed down. The junta also ordered citizens to remove all political slogans from their walls. Said a martial law communiqué: "Everyone is responsible for his own wall. If you cannot afford new paint, you should call the martial law authorities in your neighborhood and they will provide it."



General Evren at his first press conference

For the moment, it was a welcome change.

For the most part, however, the country rejoiced in the sudden easing of tension. The banks were open again. Tens of thousands of workers were ordered to end a nationwide wave of strikes and go back to their jobs. The new government sugared the pill by announcing a 70% wage increase for those who had been in the midst of labor negotiations at the time of the coup. There were soldiers on duty on city streets and bridges, and a cluster of blue-bereted commandos chatted idly outside Istanbul's Blue Mosque. Otherwise, the armed forces tried to keep discreetly out of sight as much as possible. Along the 300-mile road between Istanbul and Ankara, foreigners found few troops in evidence. Both deposed Prime Minister Demirel and Opposition Leader Bülent Ecevit remained under detention at a military resort hotel in Hamzaköy, near Gallipoli. They could receive telephone calls but refused to talk politics. Ecevit told one caller: "I'm sorry, the general in charge here has asked me not to discuss the present situation."

In his first press conference since the coup, the new head of state, General Kenan Evren, 62, announced that the

government would wage a campaign against terrorism and would seek to create "a democratic social order that is responsible, effective, respectful of the rights of the citizen and capable of functioning." Moreover, he said, the military government would soon draft a new constitution, and the guessing in Ankara was that the generals leaned toward a strong executive and a two-party system capable of handling the country's internal unrest and economic woes. Said Evren, in defending the military's decision to take power: "All freedoms provided by democracy are for those who believe in it. Can the rights and freedoms of millions of virtuous people who believe in democracy be safeguarded if those who seek to destroy it abuse rights and freedoms to achieve their goals?"

When Evren and the other four members of the ruling National Security Council took the oath of office, they chose not to swear on the Koran or any other holy book. Instead, to underscore the secular nature of the Turkish state, they swore on their honor and invoked the name of Kemal Atatürk, the founder of modern Turkey.

Few Turks would argue with Evren's contention that their country was in desperate straits. The economy is virtually crippled, with an unemployment rate of at least 20% and an inflation of around 120%. For the past three years, the country has been terrorized by an underground army of gunmen from the right and left; in the period immediately before the coup, the terrorists had been killing an average of 30 people a day. Parliament had been deadlocked for more than five months in its efforts to elect a new President and bring an end to the stalemate.

According to reports in Ankara, the armed forces commanders had been watching the growing crisis with great concern and finally made their move in an act of near desperation. They had been particularly worried about the poor performance of the police in combatting the terrorists and by the rising menace of Turkish Communist militants. They were also concerned about increasing signs of Islamic fanaticism; a rally in Konya earlier this month that attracted 70,000 people struck them as a threat to Atatürk's concept of a secular society, which the Turkish military is pledged under the existing constitution to uphold. The generals reportedly gave the politicians a final warning on Aug. 29 in an effort to get them to accept Prime Minister Demirel's plan for early elections as a way out of the parliamentary deadlock. When the parties failed to reach an agreement, the generals decided they could wait no longer.

By most accounts, at least in the current honeymoon period, they could not have done better than to rally around General Evren, who is described by a Western military expert in Turkey as "a father figure to his soldiers, an honest man with strong common sense." A native Anatolian, he is a stickler for rank and tradition: newsmen thought it was probably symbolic that they were carefully instructed to wear jackets and ties to his press conference last week. During the search for a new President over the past five months, Evren was suggested as a candidate but he turned down the idea, saying he would prefer to remain chief of staff.

As expected, Evren announced that his government would honor Turkey's commitments to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. The pledge was welcomed by Western strategists because Turkey, with the largest standing army in Europe, is the vital defender of NATO's southeastern flank and shares a 350-mile border with the Soviet Union. Thus the U.S. and its Western European allies tended to be sympathetic to, if somewhat saddened by, the generals' reasons for seizing power. As Sir Ian Gilmour, Britain's Deputy Foreign Secretary, put it, "No one likes army coups. But when you have so many political killings and you have spent five months trying to elect a President, then democracy does not appear to be working very well."

Evren last week repeated the military's pledge to return the country quickly to civilian rule, as it did following the interventions of 1960 and 1971. The first military regime lasted 17 months, the second 30 months, but everybody agrees that Turkey is in worse shape this time. After the 1971 takeover, the junta sank rapidly in public esteem when it adopted brutal but effective tactics against leftist terrorists. Says a Western diplomat in Ankara: "The generals' dilemma is that, if they repeat the strong-arm tactics of 1971, they will lose the good will of the West, on which they depend. But if they don't get tough, they could end up losing the country."

The armed forces and the police have in the past made scarcely a dent in the bloodletting. Why, then, should the generals think they can put down the rising wave of terrorism since they have come to power? For one thing, they plan to reorganize the police force, making it as free as possible of political factionalism, and they are hoping that judges and prosecutors under the junta will be less fearful of threats and reprisals so that they will hand down stiffer sentences.

There is always the danger that the takeover may produce a split in the military leadership and thus undermine the new-found stability. So far, the generals have had trouble putting together a civilian Cabinet. Some politicians who were approached were said to be reluctant to join the government at a time when more than 50 members of parliament were being held in "protective custody." Late last week the military chose one of its own to be the new Prime Minister. He is Bülent Ulusu, 57, a former admiral and retired chief of the Turkish navy. Ulusu, who was not involved in the coup, was chosen over two other contenders, Gen. Haydar Saltik, a member of the ruling council, and Zayyat Baykara, a former senator.

Nonetheless, in the early days of the junta's rule, most Turks seem to agree that the takeover has given the country a badly needed respite. Said Orhan Koloğlu, a former aide to Ecevit: "I like to walk two or three miles every day, but I haven't been able to do it lately; I was afraid for my life. Now I know I shall be safe. In a month's time, there may be cause to be frightened again. But for the moment, this is a welcome change." —*By William E. Smith. Reported by Roland Flamini/Ankara*

Civilian passengers line up against a bus and submit to a search by Turkish police

Some city dwellers looked trimmer because they no longer packed pistols.

POLAND

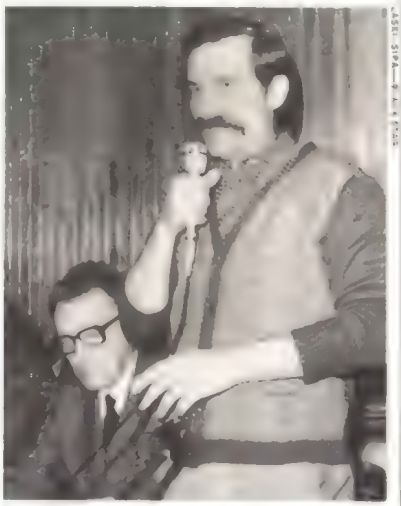
Seething with Change

The unions and the party embark on a delicate experiment

To the cheers of hundreds of sympathizers gathered below the five-story concrete building, two workers proudly hoisted a new red-and-white banner that proclaimed, INDEPENDENT AND SELF-GOVERNING TRADE UNION OF GDANSK. Inside, the wood-paneled hall buzzed with excitement. A young organizer from a tractor factory near Warsaw boastfully announced that 50% to 80% of the workers in his sector had signed up for the new unions. A burly miner from the Silesian coal fields, on the other hand, complained of official harassment against efforts to organize his mine. The familiar figure of Lech Walesa, 37, the triumphant leader of the original Lenin Shipyard strike, rose to make a telling disclosure. During a recent trip to Warsaw, he recounted, the authorities had in effect tried to buy him off by offering him the leadership of the party-controlled official trade union—a lure he had duly refused. Pledged Walesa to a rising cheer: "We cannot lose touch with the workers."

Such were the growing pains of an independent labor movement taking root in hostile ground. The gathering in Gdansk last week was the first nationwide meeting of some 150 organizers, representing new independent unions throughout the country, come together to stretch their new muscle and air their concerns. The convention-like meeting, in fact, was only one sign of the seething activity that was continuing to take place in Poland after two months of labor turmoil. "The Poland of today is not the same as before July 1980," conceded a top government official. "It will be impossible to return to the situation we had before."

For one thing, the strikes had not entirely dissipated. A lingering ripple of scattered stoppages continued at more than a dozen enterprises last week; some smaller factories experienced their second and third walkouts. Moreover, in Berlin, in what some observers interpreted as a spillover from the Polish upheaval, several hundred West German employees of the East German–run railroad* went on strike to press a series of demands: higher wages, new fringe benefits and, not surprisingly, an independent union.



Lech Walesa addressing Gdansk meeting

The long shadow of the Soviet Union still loomed over Poland. Indeed, the Pentagon reported signs of ominous Soviet military activity on Poland's borders. The moves involved 20 Soviet divisions in East Germany and 20 in western Soviet military districts. Washington analysts were unsure whether this might be in preparation for an eventual intervention, but Secretary of State Edmund Muskie said the U.S. was closely monitoring the situation. President Carter delivered a promise and a careful warning: "We will not interfere in Poland's affairs—and we expect that others will similarly respect the right of the Polish nation to resolve its problems on its own."

In Warsaw, meanwhile, newly installed Party Boss Stanislaw Kania moved to restore public confidence and cope with the country's awesome economic problems *(see box)*. Scrapping the economic plan of deposed Party Boss Edward Gie-

*The four-power agreement after World War II gave East Germany control of railroad service for East and West Berlin

Punching Bag on a Thread

The network of independent trade unions now being formed represents the wild card in Poland's economic future. "The question," says a West European diplomat in Warsaw, "is whether they will behave like British unions, which are interested only in their own demands, regardless of the cost to the nation, or whether they will, like West German unions, moderate their demands so as not to harm the overall economy." Poles at large were generally aware of that danger. The country's economy, as Communist Party Official Mieczyslaw Rakowski describes it, "already resembles a punching bag hanging from a thin thread."

The problems began, paradoxically, with a decision that was at first applauded. To avoid the unrest that had toppled his predecessor, Wladyslaw Gomulka, in 1970, recently ousted Party Chief Edward Gierek embarked on a crash program to modernize Polish industry. The first results were impressive. From 1971 to 1975 industrial output soared 70%, and real wages rose at an annual average of 7.1%.

But then Gierek's plan ran into a combination of bad luck and hurdles endemic in the Communist system. Recession in the West curbed appetites for Polish exports. Bad harvests forced Warsaw to buy increasing amounts of food abroad. Meanwhile, the government lost control of the development program and had to seek further loans, pushing its hard-currency indebtedness to a staggering $20 billion.

Last winter the then Premier, Edward Babiuch, imposed an austerity policy designed to limit Poland's foreign debt. Creditors were pleased but the population reacted with mounting resentment. It was thus not surprising that public anger should have broken out in July when the government reduced its heavy meat-price subsidies and allowed prices to rise sharply.

The concessions made to Labor Leader Lech Walesa and his colleagues in Gdansk will, in the short run, worsen the economic picture. Not only will national income decline as a result of the strikes, but the promised wage increases will cost the government an inflationary $3 billion.

Foreign assistance will help, but only to some extent. The Soviet Union has promised $690 million in goods and hard currency. President Carter has pledged $670 million in credits for U.S. grain and other foodstuffs. Western banks have arranged for new loans totaling $1 billion. These are stopgap measures. Polish economists agree that further belt tightening and a program of profound economic reform will both be necessary. One proposal: decentralization of economic decision making so as to give plant managers more responsibility. This will even include the introduction of a profit motive. Most experts also believe that the pricing system will have to be made more responsive to supply and demand. However, the Polish workers have resisted that reform ever since 1970. Would Polish workers accept such policies? Some opposition figures, like Dissident Leader Jacek Kuron, respond that the workers will indeed swallow bitter economic medicine—if their sacrifices are rewarded by a genuine liberalization of the political system.

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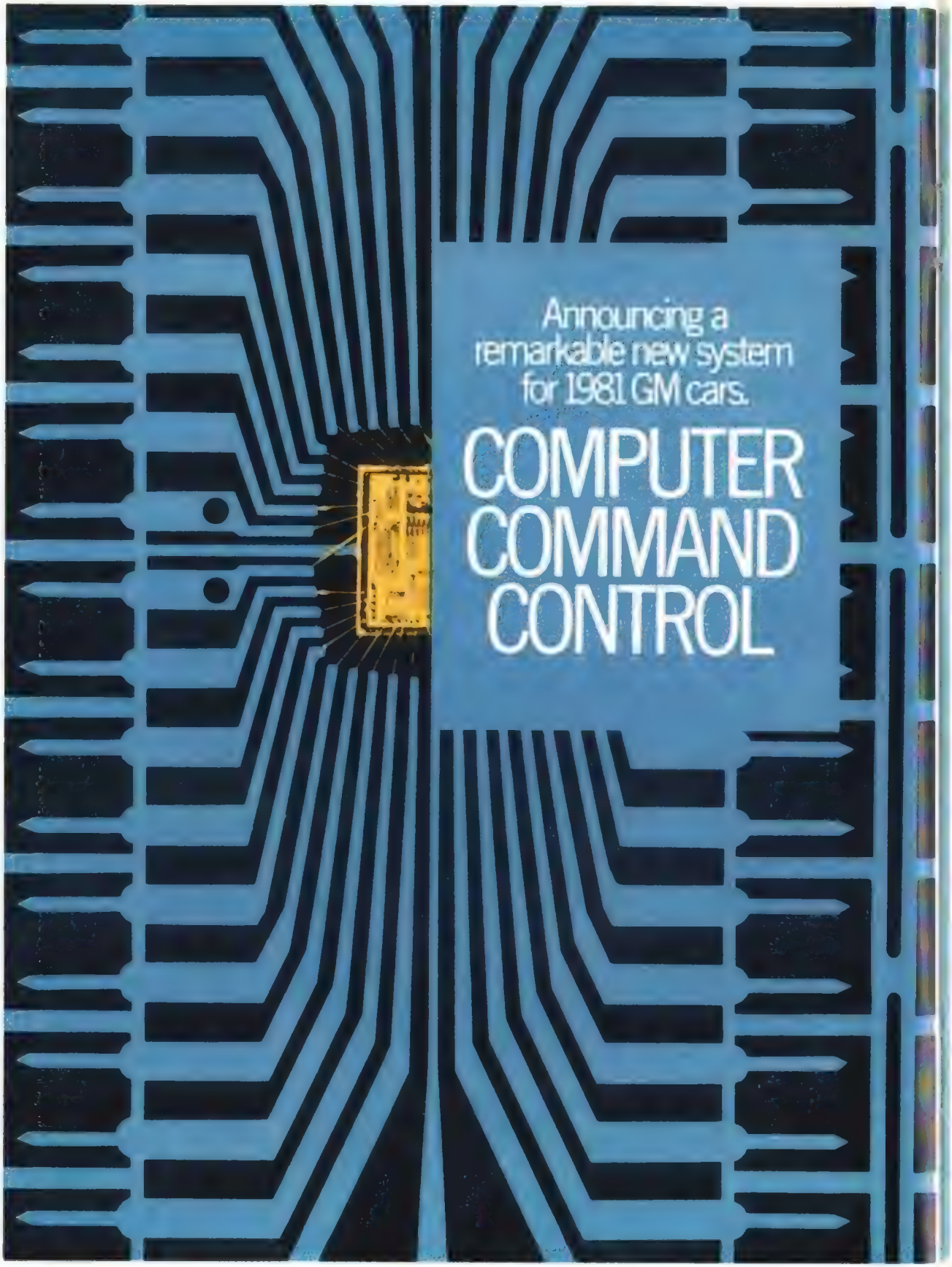
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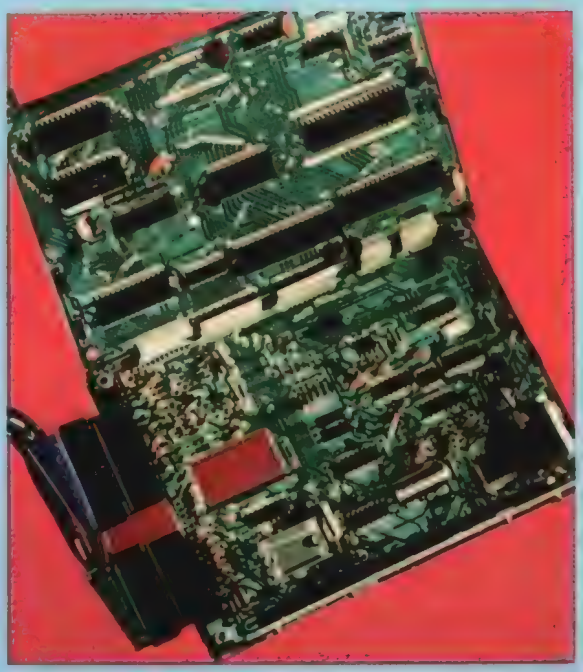

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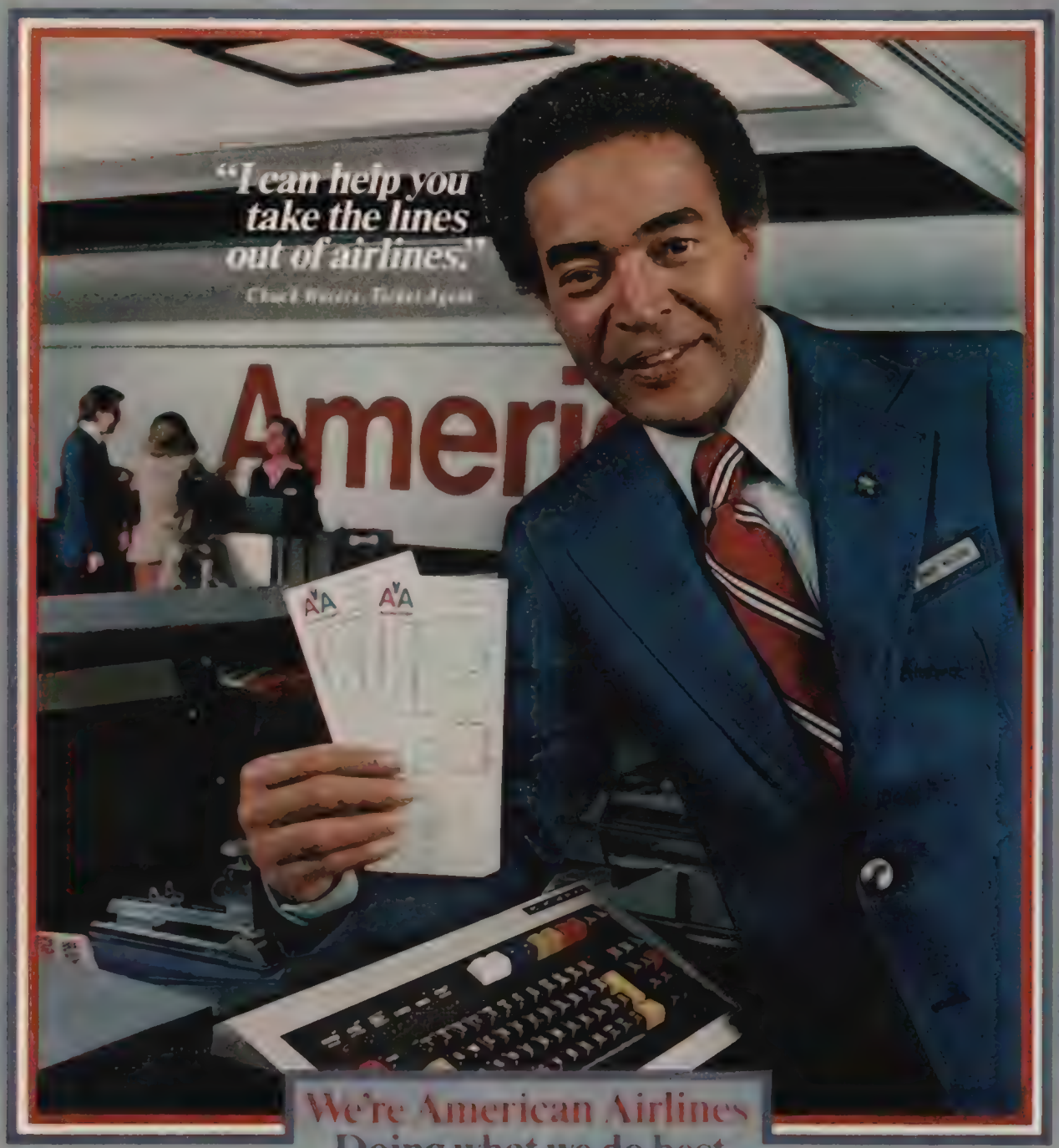

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Workers peer eagerly through Gdansk union hall windows as labor representatives deliberate

If Warsaw expected to absorb their movement, defiant delegates promised a stiff fight.

rek, the new regime announced that it would slash its 1980 budget by $400 million, mainly from the investment sector, in order to help fund the pay raises that the workers have been promised. Fulfilling another pledge it had made to the strikers, the government this week prepared to resume regular radio broadcasts of the Roman Catholic Sunday Mass, for the first time since the Communists came to power in 1947.

Changes also seemed to be brewing within the party ranks. The official press hinted at impending purges that would be aimed at "clearing from the party ranks those individuals who have given in to the temptations of an easier life and corruption." The notorious example that was held up was that of Maciej Szczepanski, the Gierek confidant who formerly ran the state broadcasting network and now stands accused of embezzlement. Also purged were two other top party officials: Zdzislaw Grudzien, party chief in Katowice and a Politburo member, and Jerzy Zasada, party leader in Poznan. There were indications that more heads would roll at both the forthcoming Central Committee plenum and a subsequent party congress that Kania has already called.

At the same time, the party also seemed intent on trying to divide the workers from their intellectual backers. The official press last week stepped up its campaign against "antisocialist elements" and specifically denounced KOR, the dissident group that has been advising the strikers. Explained KOR's leader, Sociologist Jacek Kuron: "They want to rid the [independent labor] movement of activists so that they can take over and do what they did with the official trade unions."

If Warsaw does expect to absorb the free trade unions, the defiant delegates who met in Gdansk last week promise to put up a stiff fight. Speaker after speaker denounced attempts by factory managers or local authorities to block the formation of independent unions. The most commonly cited tactic: threatening to cut off the social benefits of workers who join the new organizations. Others mocked promises of internal reform by official union leaders anxious to hold on to their original membership. Still others blasted the government for withholding information about the new unions in the press. Said a bus driver from Lodz: "We should have unity as soon as possible so that we can oppose these problems."

The question of national unity, in fact, dominated the Gdansk meeting and sparked an intense four-hour debate. Delegates from smaller factories and towns called for a strong central organization to protect them from harassment by local officials. Those from larger cities and more populated regions like the Baltic coast, where the new unions are already strong, favored a loose advisory body. A closed-door session finally produced a compromise: a national "coordinating committee" whose member unions will retain their own decision-making powers but will adopt uniform statutes and register as a group with the Warsaw district court. To no one's surprise, Lech Walesa was elected chairman.

While most Western experts remained skeptical about Kania's intentions, the Polish people appeared somewhat more optimistic about the prospects for economic and political reforms. Conscious of their new-found power, the workers felt they probably could meet any attempt by the government to renege on the basic concessions with renewed strikes. The implicit threat was not lost on the authorities. Said Tadeusz Fiszbach, party boss in the Gdansk area: "Only cooperation with the new unions will make our survival possible in a difficult situation." —*By Thomas A. Sancton. Reported by Henry Muller/Gdansk*

SOUTH KOREA

Grim Verdict

A death sentence draws fire

From the very first, the trial had seemed more a political charade than an exercise of justice. The defendants complained that they were unable to obtain proper counsel because more than 50 lawyers, fearful of South Korea's repressive political climate, refused to represent them. When they proposed to introduce a long list of character witnesses from Japan and the U.S., the request was turned down. Ultimately, the prosecution's own case rested almost solely on a series of "confessions," which the defendants repudiated, testifying that they had been extracted by torture. Thus when the four generals of the military tribunal in Seoul pronounced their verdict last week at the end of the month-long trial, it was a grim, foregone conclusion: South Korean Opposition Leader Kim Dae Jung, 54, was found guilty of conspiring to overthrow the government and sentenced to death by hanging. His 23 co-defendants, a group of Christian ministers, university professors and students, were given prison terms ranging from two to 20 years.

Stunned by the swift, six-minute sentencing, relatives of the defendants burst into an impassioned chorus of the national anthem. Plainclothes police hastily dragged them from the courtroom. Kim, pale and wan from 60 days of solitary confinement and constant interrogation that he said had driven him to the brink of insanity, attempted to smile bravely as he was led away. The immediate reaction in South Korea, still under tight martial law,

Kim at his home in Seoul before arrest

More political charade than justice.

was muted. But the verdict evoked outrage in other countries. In Japan, trade unions and student organizations mounted a series of protest demonstrations. In West Germany, Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher warned of "difficult consequences" if the sentence were carried out and appealed for international pressure against it. Said U.S. Secretary of State Edmund Muskie: "We obviously have strong feelings about the extreme verdict which has been handed down."

The show trial was widely interpreted as an attempt by President Chun Doo Hwan, the general who emerged earlier this year as South Korea's new military strongman, to muzzle any vestiges of political opposition. The popular, soft-spoken Kim had won 46% of the vote against President Park Chung Hee in the country's 1971 presidential election. Afterward, in voluntary exile abroad, he became an active spokesman against Park's authoritarian rule. In 1973 he was kidnaped from a Tokyo hotel room by the Korean Central Intelligence Agency and dragooned back to Seoul. He remained under house arrest and later imprisonment until 1978. In the brief hiatus of political relaxation that followed Park's assassination last October, Kim was considered the foremost candidate for the free presidential elections that the military-backed transitional government promised to call in the near future.

In May, however, when the generals had failed to lift martial law and set a timetable for a transfer of political power to an elected civilian government, violent uprisings erupted in Seoul, Kwangju and other cities. Kim was arrested and indicted on six charges, including the capital crimes of sedition and conspiracy to commit sedition. He denied those charges, insisting that in fact he had pleaded with antigovernment students for restraint. Kim further testified that a plot to overthrow the government would hardly make sense since he had reason to believe he could win the election. In the end, the inciting of sedition charge was dropped, but the prosecution demanded the death penalty for conspiracy.

Even before the verdict was handed down, Washington as well as Tokyo had expressed misgivings about the trial and characterized the charges against Kim as "farfetched." Now both friendly governments were somewhat at a loss as to what other measures they might take. Tokyo does not want to endanger the $10 billion in trade it enjoys with South Korea, and Washington is hesitant to do anything that might weaken its links with one of its most vital Pacific allies. Thus Kim's foreign supporters could only hope that he might win the legal appeals open to him, first before the appellate military court and then the supreme court. Failing that, his last chance would rest on an act of clemency if Strongman Chun were to heed the court of international opinion. ■

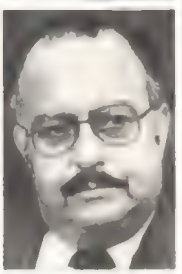
NICARAGUA

Sudden Death in Asunción

Somoza is killed in an ambush that Nicaraguans cheer

The game was big and artillery appropriately heavy. Shortly before 10 one morning last week, Anastasio Somoza Debayle, 54, the exiled former dictator of Nicaragua, climbed into his white Mercedes-Benz 280 limousine along with his chauffeur and a business associate, and drove away from his luxurious villa in a suburb of the Paraguayan capital of Asunción. The limousine, followed by a backup car carrying three bodyguards, had traveled a mere five blocks when a Chevrolet pickup truck pulled up alongside, and unleashed a hail of automatic rifle fire. As the bodyguards returned the fire, a bazooka rocket, launched from the porch of a nearby house, hit the Somoza limousine broadside, tearing away the roof. The dictator, along with his companions, was killed instantly.

Demolished Mercedes, with Somoza's body in back seat



The question that intrigued Nicaraguans: Who got him?

The hit team managed to make a clean getaway, though Paraguayan authorities believed one of the assassins may have been wounded. Paraguayan police launched a manhunt for suspected members of the People's Revolutionary Army (ERP), a leftist Argentine guerrilla group. Their presumed motive: solidarity with Nicaragua's Sandinista revolutionaries, who succeeded in overthrowing the Somoza family's ruthless 43-year dynasty last year after a bitter civil war. At week's end, one suspected ERP ringleader was killed in a shootout and 60 people had been picked up for questioning.

When news of Somoza's death reached Managua, Nicaraguans went wild with joy. Thousands of people poured into the streets, singing and dancing and setting off fireworks. Said a journalist in Managua: "Somoza finally brought happiness to his countrymen." The leaders of the ruling Sandinista junta denied any direct role in the assassination. In a brief communiqué, they called it *ajusticiamiento*—justifiable execution—reminding their followers that the dictator had been responsible for the deaths of 100,000 Nicaraguans. Concluded one Sandinista simply: "Divine justice."

The assassination, as it happened, came at a time when the revolutionary regime has become increasingly worried about the ousted Somoza forces. A few days before the assassination, the Nicaraguan junta revealed that it had thwarted a plot by former National Guard officers to free thousands of jailed former soldiers and put together teams to kill the Sandinista leadership. They identified Somoza's eldest son, Anastasio ("Tachito") Somoza Portocarrero, 29, as the "principal leader" of the plot.

Somoza complained bitterly after his ouster that he had been betrayed by the "traitorous" U.S. Still, it was to Miami that his body was flown for burial. It was Miami that had also been his first stop as an exile. But then, fearful that the U.S. might allow his extradition to Nicaragua, he moved on to Paraguay at the invitation of Dictator Alfredo Stroessner. In Asunción, Somoza's flamboyant social life and amorous escapades offended many Paraguayans. His reluctance to invest his hoarded fortune (estimated at $100 million) in the country was also said to have caused resentment. There was no doubt that Somoza had made bitter personal enemies as well as formidable political foes. But there was still no certain answer to the question that intrigued Nicaraguans: Who got him? ■

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AFGHANISTAN

Mini-Siege

A strange defection in Kabul

Brandishing his AK-47 assault rifle, a 21-year-old Soviet soldier alighted from a taxi at the gate of the U.S. embassy compound in Kabul one morning last week, and was met by an American official who took him inside. Then, speaking only Russian laced with a smattering of German, he managed to tell surprised embassy officers that he wanted to defect. It was the first such move by any of the estimated 85,000 Soviet military personnel who have occupied the country since last winter's invasion. Before long, the mysterious enlisted man had become the most prominent Soviet military defector since Lieut. Viktor Belenko flew his MiG-25 to Japan in 1976. The defection sparked off an international row and added an unpredictable new irritant to already testy U.S.-Soviet relations.

Both the State Department and the Pentagon chose to play the issue down, partly because of lack of hard information. Although they believe that the soldier wants to defect to avoid punishment for insubordination, they are not certain. Strangely, no one on the 16-member staff of the Kabul embassy speaks either Russian or German and the would-be defector thus has not yet been fully interrogated. For their part, the Soviets insist that he is a common criminal escaping from military justice. They charge that he was lured into the compound.

Three days later, the State Department had finally managed to get a Russian-speaking American official into Kabul to debrief the defector, though it released no details. The embassy, meanwhile, had come under a mini-siege. First, the phone communications were cut off. Then squads of Afghan troops surrounded the compound. The apparent campaign of harassment spread to other Western embassies, where diplomats were searched and followed as they came and went.

Though U.S. diplomats were concerned that ultimately the Soviets just might arrest an American to set up a possible trade, or even that Afghan troops might storm the embassy, the matter seemed, so far, a standoff. It was obviously impossible to spirit the soldier out to the West. On the other hand, particularly in the midst of an election campaign, the Carter Administration was in no position to hand him back. One way out of the impasse seemed to be up to the Soviets: if they were to prove eager to clear the air for this week's meeting between Secretary of State Edmund Muskie and Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, for example, it was thought they might allow the hapless defector to go abroad—though not to the U.S. Otherwise, he was likely to remain in the embassy as an uninvited guest for the foreseeable future. ■

The P.M. elicits a skeptical grimace from Quebec Premier Lévesque at Ottawa conference

CANADA

Trudeau Goes It Alone

Rejected by the provinces, he turns to Parliament for his reforms

When the voters of French-speaking Quebec rejected Premier René Lévesque's attempt to lead their province out of Canada in last May's referendum, the relief was palpable throughout the country. Yet few Canadians were under any delusion that the verdict would mean a return to business as usual. With support of the premiers of the nine other provinces, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau made what he called "a most solemn commitment" in return for the *non* to separatism: "We will immediately take action to renew the constitution and will not stop until we have done that."

By last week, however, a summer-long effort by the federal and provincial governments to reach accord on constitutional change had collapsed in acrimonious failure. At the end of a six-day summit around a horseshoe table in Ottawa—capped by a last-ditch private bargaining session in Trudeau's drawing room—the Prime Minister and the premiers reported that they had been unable to agree on a single point of Trudeau's agenda.

What had been attempted was a trade-off in the reapportionment of powers between the federal and provincial governments. The provinces want to increase their control over economic resources, while retaining control over the all-important matter of language instruction. Trudeau was willing to concede some economic autonomy to them, particularly in the area of mineral rights, in return for their support for a new constitutional "Charter of Rights" that would vest additional powers in the federal government.

Even if they had succeeded in striking a bargain, a further step would be required: putting an end to the anomaly by which Canada cannot amend its constitution—the British North America Act of 1867—without the approval of Britain's Parliament. However, by custom even that requires unanimity on the part of the provincial governments, and since the Ottawa conference made plain that this was impossible, the "patriation" of the constitution, as Canadians put it, was out of reach by traditional means.

Thus Trudeau last week decided to try to circumvent the balky premiers. He announced that he would recall Parliament early in October to do what the premiers refused to do. He plans to ask the legislators for unilateral action to "patriate" the British North America Act without provincial approval.

Most of the premiers had rejected Trudeau's proposed changes on the grounds that some of their considerable powers would be usurped. They argued that under British parliamentary tradition, human rights are more securely protected by legislatures than by the courts. Quebec's Lévesque, for example, opposed the language-rights formula because he felt it would undermine his provincial government's control over Quebec's cultural identity. Indeed, the premiers were anxious to talk about expanding their powers and blamed Trudeau for insisting on a heavily centralized view of Canadian federalism.

Several provinces, notably Newfoundland and Alberta, have threatened to fight any parliamentary "patriation" moves. If those too should fail, the popular Trudeau may ultimately have little choice but to go over everybody's head and seek the approval of the 23 million Canadians in a national referendum. The Prime Minister does not sound like a man ready to give up the fight. "We have to find ways and means of getting out of the dead end," he said of the constitutional impasse. "At some point, let's ask the people." ■

Managing Chemical Wastes

What the chemical industry is doing to improve waste-disposal methods

America's chemical companies have already invested hundreds of millions of dollars in safer, better ways to handle solid wastes, which are a serious national problem. Time has shown that certain of our country's disposal methods have not always been reliable. We'll be spending over $2 *billion* more on waste-disposal facilities in the next two years. Here's how we're advancing the "state of the art":

1. Eliminating wasteful processes

The chemical industry is working hard to make its plants and production processes more efficient. This helps us reduce the residuals that become waste products. In many cases, we're redesigning manufacturing processes to reduce wastes. In other cases, we're adding on-line treatment systems to neutralize, reduce the volume, or change the nature of waste by-products. The chemical industry is also using recovery techniques that let us recycle wastes into the production process. One chemical company, for example, is using a solvent-regeneration process to salvage phenol, which can be used to manufacture plastics, pharmaceuticals and other useful products.

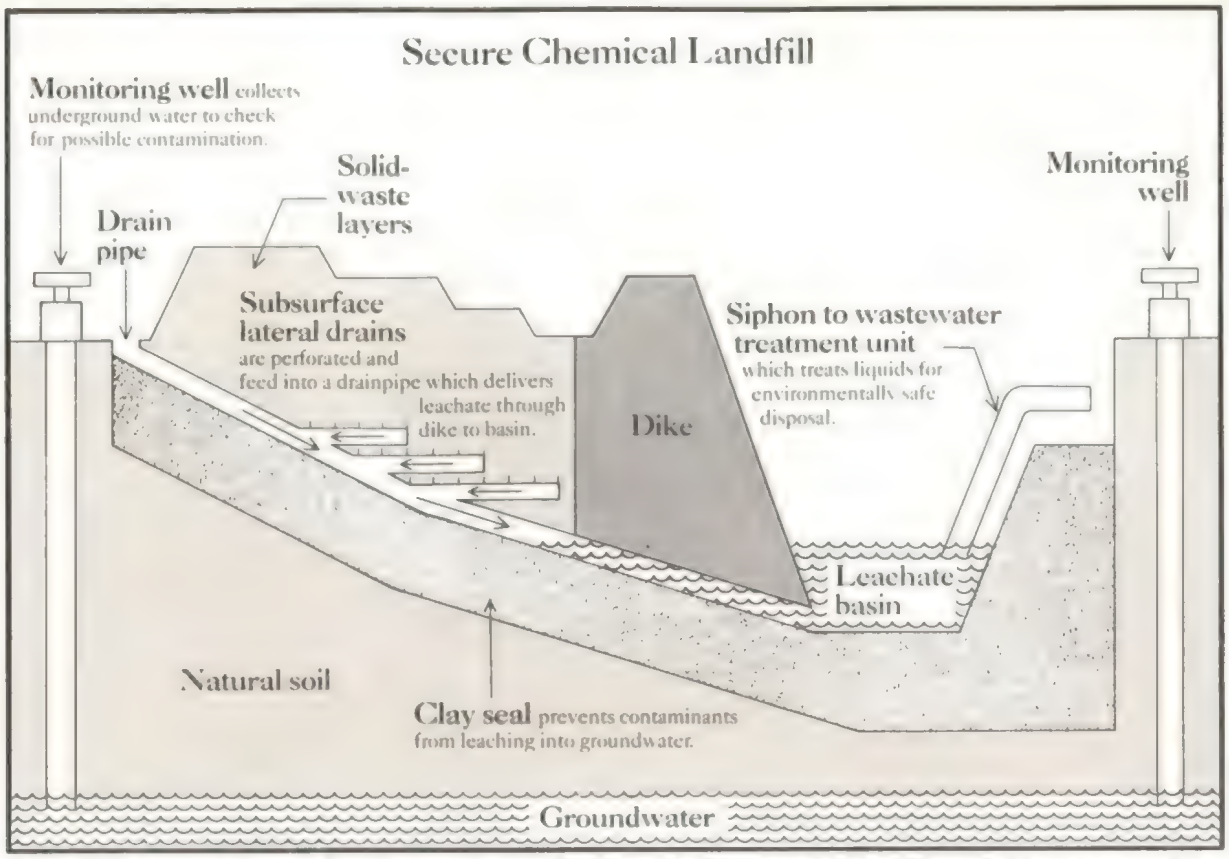
2. Building secure landfills

Rain on an open landfill seeps through wastes and may carry contaminants deep into the ground. This could pose a threat to underground water supplies. Industry recognized this problem and developed the secure landfill concept. Industry experience shows that secure landfills are a safe and effective way to handle many wastes.

A secure landfill is constructed with a barrier that keeps wastes from seeping out into the groundwater. The barrier also keeps groundwater from migrating through the landfill. Other features of a secure landfill may include facilities for recycling liquids, or a wastewater treatment unit that will clean up liquids for safe disposal. Landfills—if *properly* designed, operated and monitored—are one of the best ways to dispose of certain kinds of solid wastes.

3. Continuing industry commitment

The chemical industry was hard at work finding ways to manage solid wastes long before the nation recognized the need for better waste-disposal methods. In fact, we already had much of the required waste-disposal technology and remedial strategies in operation—or being developed—when Congress passed the Resource Conservation and Recovery Act of 1976. This act set forth strict waste-disposal



Depending on the nature of solid waste, America's chemical industry selects disposal techniques, such as incineration, by-product recovery, stabilization or secure landfill design to protect the environment.

guidelines and standards for all municipalities and industry.

4. Sharing knowledge and new technology

As America's chemical industry develops new waste-disposal equipment and methodology, we share our knowledge with industry, the U.S. Government and the public. For example, in 1979, the chemical industry began conducting a series of regional seminars that presented current techniques for solid-waste disposal. Individual chemical companies have developed their own ways to share knowledge. Some, for example, use videotapes and visual aids to train personnel in ways to handle and cut down on solid wastes.

5. Encouraging solid-waste exchanges

Sometimes one chemical company's wastes can become another company's raw material. Fluoride wastes from a phosphoric acid plant, for example, can be used by a company producing aluminum. So the chemical industry has encouraged the development of waste-exchange organizations, which develop and distribute lists of available wastes.

What you've read here is just an overview. For a booklet that tells more about what we're doing to protect the environment, write: Chemical Manufacturers Association, Department FT-09, P.O. Box 363, Beltsville, Maryland 20705.

America's Chemical Industry

The member companies of the Chemical Manufacturers Association

WEST GERMANY

All Over but the Acrimony

The campaign produces more invective than serious debate

It had been billed as *Das Duell* (The Duel), and it was expected that the West German election campaign pitting Chancellor Helmut Schmidt against Conservative Challenger Franz Josef Strauss would be a stimulating confrontation of intellects and ideologies. Instead, halfway to the Oct. 5 election, it has been a disappointment, practically devoid of serious debate on the issues and degenerating easily into mudslinging and character assassination. The battle seems to be all over but the invective: Schmidt's coalition of Social Democrats and Free Democrats is a heavy favorite to defeat the Christian Democrats and their sister party, Strauss's Christian Social Union.

Strauss in miner's helmet

Schmidt at Bonn rally

A bulldog appearance vs. *those telegenic good looks.*

Last week, in one of the rare surprises of the campaign, the country's Roman Catholic bishops got into the act with a hortatory pastoral letter intended to be read in their churches on Sunday. Without naming a candidate or party, the letter inveighed against the expanding role of the state, the burgeoning federal bureaucracy and the growth of the national debt—all themes of Strauss's campaign. The bishops also criticized Schmidt's government for making divorce and abortion too easy. While denying undue influence, the church, which is especially strong in Strauss's native Bavaria, thus appeared to be intervening in an effort to shore up Strauss's fortunes. Schmidt was predictably furious. Said he: "Politics from the pulpit is an abomination!"

Otherwise, the campaign has turned almost entirely on the candidates' personalities. Schmidt has capitalized on his basic popularity—60% of the electorate currently approve of his performance as Chancellor—and on his image as a nearly ideal embodiment of the leadership qualities West Germans seek: confidence, firmness and statesmanship—not to mention telegenic good looks. In campaign speeches to large, lustily cheering crowds, he proudly points to the country's healthy economy, its fervent commitment to détente, and its enhanced international stature. Strauss, he warns, would "squander" these hard-won achievements.

By contrast, Strauss's image is his biggest liability and provokes intense reactions. Beloved in Bavaria, the heartland of German conservatism, he is not just disliked but often detested nearly everywhere else. A highly intelligent man who was an exceedingly capable Defense and Finance Minister, he is nonetheless regarded as a hard-lining cold warrior. His bulldog appearance is caricatured almost daily. His rallies are beset by hecklers who hurl rotten eggs and tomatoes. Strauss's efforts to improve his image have backfired, leaving an impression of uncertainty and artificiality rather than statesmanship.

Ostpolitik, Schmidt's policy of dialogue with the Soviet bloc, has emerged as one of the campaign's few solid issues. Strauss has repeatedly criticized Schmidt for being "too soft" on Moscow since the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. He pounced on the Polish labor crisis, calling on Schmidt to support the strikers openly and to make a new West German loan to Poland conditional on the Warsaw government's keeping its promises to the workers. Schmidt, intent on calming the West German electorate's special sensitivity to any increase of East-West tension, took a cautious line, insisting: "For the sake of détente, noninterference is the only sound policy in this situation."

Most of the time, however, the issues have been submerged by the campaign's nasty name-calling. Schmidt has referred to Strauss as "unstable" and "unfit to be entrusted with the nation's future." Strauss has denounced Schmidt as a "peace prattler and panic prophet." The Christian Democrats have suggested that Schmidt is a dangerous megalomaniac who belongs in a mental institution; Social Democrats in turn have depicted Strauss as a bloodthirsty warmonger. Indeed, the august daily *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* has characterized the campaign so far as "the stupidest the Federal Republic ever lived through." ■

Prussian Maverick

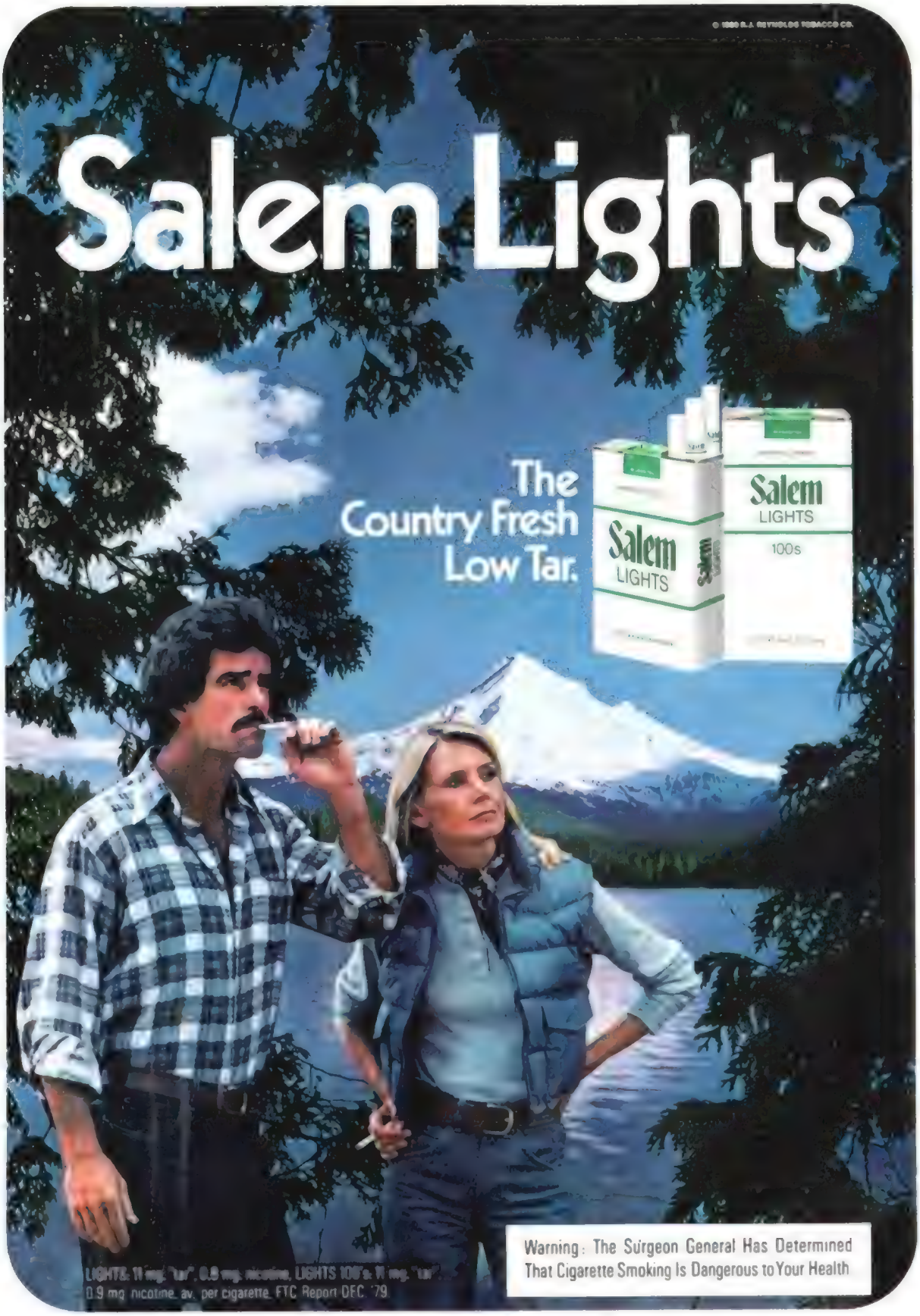
It was one of the most remarkable statements in support of the developing countries of the Third World that delegates to the United Nations General Assembly had ever heard. It called the present rate of aid from rich to poor "appalling" and criticized the industrial nations, notably the U.S., Britain and West Germany, for impeding the creation of a "new economic order." Significantly, the speaker was West Germany's own Baron Rüdiger von Wechmar in his inaugural address upon his election as President of the General Assembly.

The dramatic debut was in keeping with von Wechmar's reputation as an independent-minded maverick as well as an astute diplomat. More important, his election conveyed a special symbolic meaning: he is the first German—East or West—to hold the General Assembly presidency. The choice was an obvious confirmation of West Germany's postwar rise to political and economic power, and to what the *Stuttgarter Zeitung* called "full moral acceptance."

von Wechmar

For von Wechmar, 56, the election climaxed a long and distinguished diplomatic career. The son of a Prussian army officer, he served as an officer in Rommel's famed Afrika Korps. Captured by an American unit at Tunis in 1943, he was shipped to P.O.W. camps in Virginia and Colorado, where he earned a bachelor's degree in journalism through a correspondence course. "We are a famous family of prisoners of war," says von Wechmar, whose brother, father and both grandfathers were all captured by the enemy. "We've had our share of barbed wire."

Back home after the war, von Wechmar worked as a translator and reporter, becoming Bonn bureau chief for United Press in 1954. Recruited into the diplomatic service, he was appointed chief government spokesman in 1972. As permanent representative to the U.N. since 1974, he has regularly demonstrated a Prussian passion for exactitude with an un-Teutonic irreverence and an irrepressible zest for diplomacy's social whirl. "A good man to carry this important honor for us," comments a West German foreign ministry official. "It's equally important that it won't go to his head."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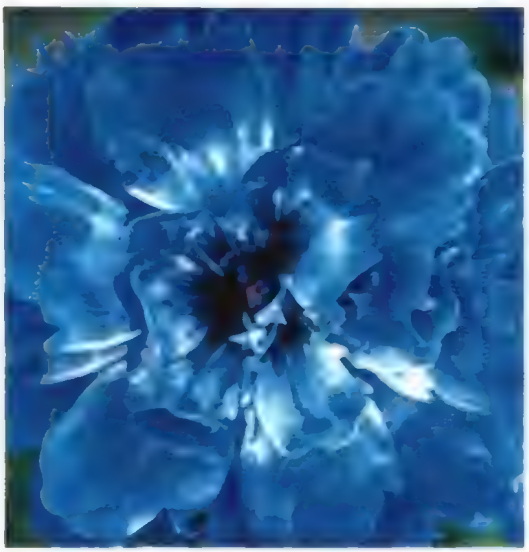

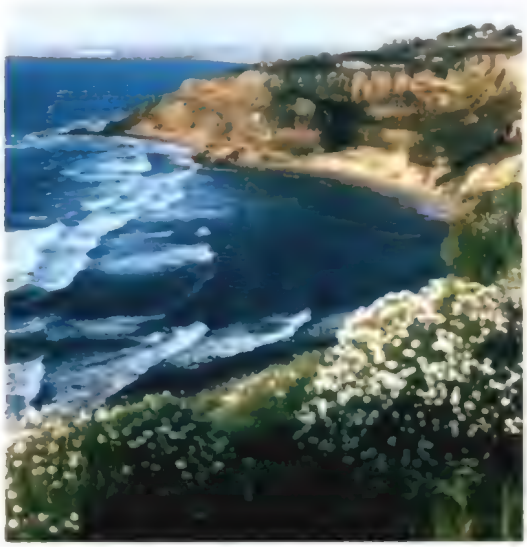

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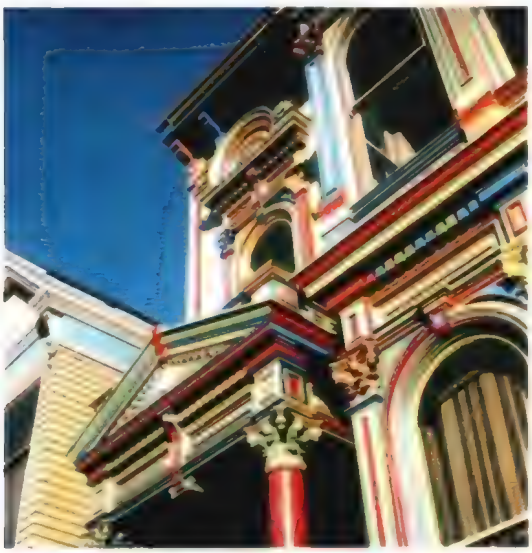

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Comeback for "King Penguin"

Roger Tory Peterson completes a sparkling new bird guide

When his first *Field Guide to the Birds* of Eastern North America appeared in 1934, Roger Tory Peterson, then 25, had no inkling of what he was on the verge of creating. The guide and two subsequent revisions sold an extraordinary 3 million copies. Its clear drawings, with black lines pointing out distinctive features, and simple explanatory text helped expand bird watching from the pastime of a select few to a hobby that now engages more than 20 million Americans.

Peterson's guide also played a role in creating today's environmental awareness; as he explains, birds act as a kind of "ecological litmus paper," reacting to changes in their surroundings long before man does. Even Rachel Carson, author of *Silent Spring*, learned "birding" from the guide. Finally, Peterson may have wrought some environmental changes himself; his followers have been so lavish in putting food out for birds that many cardinals, mourning doves and white-throated sparrows are now spending their winters in the North.

Now 72, a recipient of numerous honorary degrees (he had only a high school diploma and some art training), plus the Medal of Freedom, Peterson has been under pressure for years from both his public and publisher to update his celebrated guide. Next month they will get their wish with the appearance of the latest and most eagerly awaited Peterson guide (Houghton Mifflin; $15 in hardcover, $9.95 paperback).

The new edition of the bible of Eastern birding is the first revamping since 1947 and the fourth since the initial work appeared 46 years ago. It contains nearly 1,700 Peterson drawings and paintings of 575 species of birds—all native to the Eastern U.S. and Canada—on 136 color plates. Unlike the first guide, which Peterson now dismisses as "simple-minded and crude," descriptions run next to each bird rather than pages away. Another innovation: hundreds of range maps, drawn by Peterson's third wife, Virginia, 54, that show breeding grounds and winter and summer domiciles. There are also dozens of ornithological changes, at least one of which should disappoint baseball fans: the Baltimore oriole, now interbred with the Western Bullock's oriole, is renamed the Northern oriole.

Drawings for page showing variety of tanagers

© ROGER TORY PETERSON

A sublime craftsman, Peterson paints in laborious detail, often from photographs he has taken with his own Nikons; he is an expert birder who has counted more than 3,000 species and, say friends, can identify a rare bird from a speeding car. Still, the work for the new book was, in his words, "slavery of a sort," involving countless 15-hour days in his studio in Old Lyme, Conn. Guarding his nearby home is a 2-ft.-high statue of Antarctica's emperor penguin, Peterson's favorite bird —some birders call him "King Penguin." Says Peterson: "I like its manner and its elegance. They are survivors in one of the harshest climates in the world."

The new book should launch a comeback for the King. Sales of his guide have leveled off in recent years as successful competitors have come along. First there was Golden Press's *Birds of North America*, which is better organized and easier to use than Peterson's old edition, then *The Audubon Society Field Guide to North American Birds*, with photographs instead of drawings. But Peterson maintains that this is not the best way to present birds: "A photograph has all the vagaries of climate and light. A good drawing is a composite of past experience." The entrepreneurial spirit also beckoned, and by 1970 he was busy on the fourth edition. Says he: "I'm competitive enough to want to have the best."

He may just have it. Les Line, editor of *Audubon* magazine, says that the fourth edition "puts Roger right back in the forefront." James Tucker, executive director of the 5,000-member American Birding Association, calls it "superb." The book is more than a collection of pretty pictures: it is a weapon in the war to protect the environment. As Peterson says, there is no common denominator for bird watchers, except one trait: "All like to relate to the natural world, rather than to technology. If birding is an escape, it's not from reality, but from unreality, from the technological world, which sometimes seems to get out of hand." —*By John S. DeMott. Reported by Ruth Mehrtens Galvin/Boston*

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From Mollusks to Moppets

Jean Piaget: 1896-1980

At age ten he wrote and published a monograph on a rare, part-albino sparrow. Later he developed an interest in mollusks and wrote so many articles on the subject that he was offered, sight unseen, the job of curator of the mollusk collection at the museum in his native Geneva—an offer he had to turn down because he was still in high school.

Jean Piaget had indeed started academic life on a fast track. He won a Ph.D. in biology at 22, flirted with a career in psychoanalysis, and at 24 began his pioneering studies on the development of intelligence in children. "I was haunted," he said later, "by the idea of discovering a sort of embryology of intelligence." By the time he was 30 those studies had won him acclaim throughout Europe. Though acceptance in the U.S. and many other countries came late and grudgingly, when he died last week at 84 Piaget was hailed as one of the great psychologists of his age. Said Harvard Psychologist Jerome Kagan: "He was the most influential development theorist of this century, if not of all time."

Unlike Freud, Piaget had no taste for grand theories or empire building. Nor did he have any zest for the cut and thrust of academic infighting. He was, in fact, a rather reserved, quiet personality, a familiar, fatherly figure trudging or bicycling along the streets of Geneva, wearing his blue beret and smoking a meerschaum pipe, eyes aglaze as he picked his way through his latest intellectual problem. He was not much interested in fame, polemics or small talk.

Though he could be remote and cold with adults, he had a remarkable empathy with children. For nearly 60 years he studied them as closely as he once studied mollusks, ferreting out their notions of time, space, numbers and ethics as he sprawled on the ground shooting marbles and playing other games with them. Out of these observations came his challenge to prevailing wisdom about child development. One of his conclusions: "Children not only reasoned differently from adults, but also they had quite different world views, literally different philosophies."

Piaget found that toddlers think like primitive people. The very young believe that the moon follows them when they go for a walk, that dreams come in through the window at night, and that all moving things, including ocean waves and fluttering flags, are obviously alive. The young child's notion of justice is also primitive, taking into account only the damage done and not the intentions of the offender. For example, a child who breaks three teacups while helping Mother clear the table considers himself more culpable than a child who smashes one teacup in a fit of rage. The clash between the child's objective morality and the parent's subjective one, according to Piaget, is at the heart of much parent-child conflict.

JILL KREMENTZ

Jean Piaget at his home in Geneva, March 1973

They have different world views, different ways of reasoning.

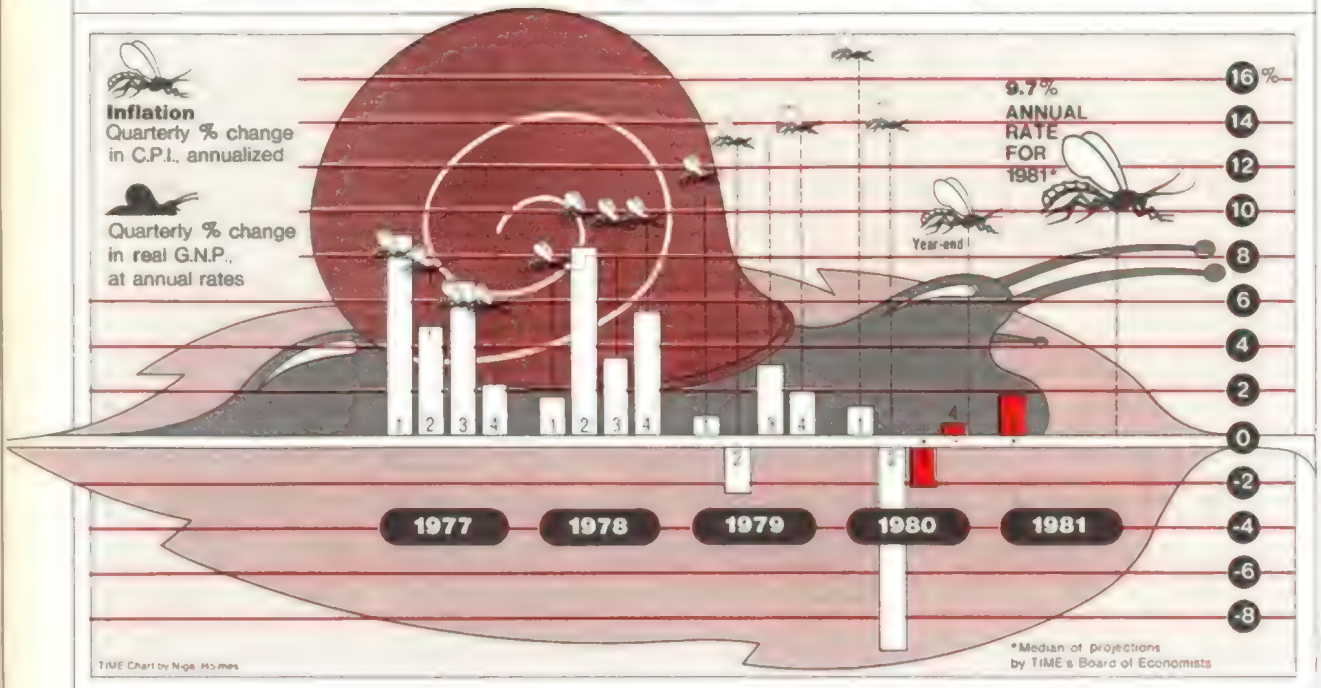
Despite his contributions to both fields, Piaget did not consider himself a psychologist or educator, but a "genetic epistemologist"—a biologist-philosopher asking the question: How does the human organism learn? His answer: partly by nature, partly by nurture. By that, Piaget meant that the child is somehow programmed to master logical thought in predictable developmental stages. But, he added, development depends on vigorous interaction with the environment. Thus learning is not something poured into a child; it is something a child helps create through his or her own activity. One example: until age five or six, most children think that six pennies stacked up are quantitatively less than when they are spread in a row. By age seven or eight, almost all children understand that the number of pennies does not change, no matter how they are arranged. The child may have the innate ability to comprehend this new mental picture, but he only learns it through action.

Indeed, in Piaget's view, all experience is organized by intelligence. Every child, he said, constructs and constantly revises his very own model of reality, and does so in a regular sequence. Piaget outlined four stages of mental growth. In the first two years of life, the child is primarily concerned with learning about physical objects; in the next four or five years, he is preoccupied with symbols, in language, dreams and fantasy. From age six or seven to about twelve, the child moves on into the abstract, mastering numbers and relationships and how to reason about them. Finally, from age twelve to 15, the youngster tackles purely logical thought and can think about his own thinking and that of others. For the first time, he can understand double messages —irony, double entendre and the resonance of aphorisms.

Though his ideas stressed inborn processes during learning, Piaget called himself "the man in the middle" on the nature-nurture debate. In the U.S. especially, the prevailing intellectual fashion for years was emphatically pro-nurture: environment shapes the person, not heredity, and there are no instincts or other inherent structures. As a result, Piaget was cold-shouldered in many sections of American academia as late as the 1960s. Since then, his work, as well as that of such scholars as Anthropologist Claude Lévi-Strauss and Linguist Noam Chomsky, helped persuade skeptics that some form of innate mental structures exists, and the nature side of the argument has gained new respectability.

One common criticism of Piaget is that his work does not lead to any clear vision of how to educate children. Two of his conclusions, however, are clear enough: 1) motivation and rewards are not necessary—the structures in the child's mind lead to a kind of spontaneous development, and 2) the teacher plays a limited role. For Piaget, the child is the real educator, not the teacher.

—By John Leo



Slow Rebound from Recession

The TIME *Board of Economists sees sluggish growth and stinging inflation*

Ever since the nation first began slumping into recession last winter, economists have been warning that it would prove diabolically difficult for the U.S. to climb back to sustained growth without aggravating inflation. Last week, with the downturn already showing signs of beginning to bottom out, members of TIME's Board of Economists somberly concluded that this recovery would not bring any significant slacking of price hikes. Democrat Walter Heller from the University of Minnesota appeared to sum up the views of his colleagues on the board with a rhetorical question: "Recession, where is thy anti-inflationary sting?" Instead of halting the runaway rise in consumer prices, the decline seems merely to have kept the inflationary pressure bottled up and ready to escape at the first sign of renewed economic vigor.

While inflation has fallen back from the 18.2% annual rate hit last winter, TIME's economists predicted that the rate of price increases would dip only to about 10% by the turn of the year or early in 1981, an alarmingly high base from which the economy will again begin growing. At best, the board predicted a 1981 year-end inflation rate of 9.4%. But any number of external shocks to the economy, such as big new oil-price jumps, a bad 1981 harvest or an excessively cold winter, could send prices leaping to far higher levels than that. The board's liberals fretted over the lack of an effective program of wage and price restraints by the vote-conscious Carter Administration to keep the pressure contained still longer; conservatives worried that the nation simply will not sit still for the three to five years of slow growth that may be necessary to halt inflation in any significant way.

Board members split sharply over the timing of the economy's eventual return to good health. There was also disagreement regarding just how buoyant or fitful the recovery would be. Most members forecast that the economy would either continue to decline or stagnate until the end of the year—this is in sharp disagreement with Commerce Department Chief Economist Courtenay Slater, who two weeks ago declared that the recession had ended in July or August. A minority of TIME's economists anticipated that a modest drop would continue into early 1981.

Some figures released last week suggest that the economy is beginning to slow its rate of descent, if not to bounce back altogether. After six months of steady decline, industrial production in August rose 0.5% from the July level, while August's construction of new residential housing rose 12% over the previous month's depressed levels. Overall, preliminary statistics showed, in fact, that the contraction of the economy as a whole halted between July and September, as compared with the sharp 9.6% decline that had been registered between April and June.

TIME's economists, however, argued that those are false signs of a rebound. Said Republican Alan Greenspan, the head of a New York–based consulting firm: "I would expect that the incipient recovery will stall within the next eight weeks." The economists generally predicted that U.S. business will be sluggish next year. The board's median forecast for 1981 anticipates growth of 2.7%, although individual predictions ranged widely. Republican Murray Weidenbaum, director of the Center for the Study of American Business at Washington University in St. Louis, forecast a relatively brisk 4% expansion, but independent Economic Consultant Robert Nathan projected an all-but-invisible expansion of only 0.25%.

The strength of the economy will depend to a large degree on actions of the Federal Reserve Board in the weeks ahead. By sharply curbing the flow of money and credit last winter, the Fed severely crimped the ability of the econ-

Economists Nathan and Pechman

There are some false signs of a rebound.

omy to expand. Interest rates leaped to record levels of 20% or more, and the nation pitched into recession. By spring, the sky-high cost of money was threatening to cause a severe slump; the Fed then switched course and began pumping money back into the economy. Since then the money supply has been on a roller coaster ride of weekly gyrations, with the nation's central bank struggling to smooth out and steady the growth of money.

Interest rates, which have been creeping up in recent weeks, are likely to continue rising, as the Federal Reserve attempts to remain within its 4% to 6½% annual growth target for money. Thus just as the economy appears to be getting up off the canvas, these higher interest rates are likely to knock it down again. Said Republican Monetarist Beryl Sprinkel, chief economist for Chicago's Harris Trust and Savings Bank: "The interest-rate decline, which was getting under way and making significant progress, has been aborted." Greenspan predicted that the economy could not return to solid growth until mortgage rates declined to about 10%. He did not see that happening before early 1981 at the soonest. The cost of mortgages has fallen to 12% or so from last spring's peaks of as much as 16% in some states, but is starting to climb anew. This might result in a so-called double-dip recession or what Greenspan somewhat puckishly suggested might look like a "wobble-u," or "inebriated L," if laid out in a graph.

The board was equally critical of Presidential Candidates Carter, Reagan and Anderson for their failure to propose meaningful programs to combat the renewed inflationary menace. Heller approvingly noted that Anderson has supported the idea of a tax-based incomes policy whereby Government would give tax breaks to companies that hold down prices and to workers who settle for modest wage increases. There seems little likelihood, however, that any such program will become law any time soon. Said Economic Consultant David Grove: "I haven't heard the candidates come up with a program for dealing with inflation that is very credible." Added Democrat Joseph Pechman, director of economic studies at the Brookings Institution

Economists Weidenbaum, Sprinkel and Grove

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The Economic Issues

Two members of TIME*'s Board of Economists have close ties to two of this year's presidential nominees. Alan Greenspan, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under President Ford, is now a strategist for Ronald Reagan; Walter Heller, who was President Kennedy's chief economic aide, is an occasional consultant to Jimmy Carter. During a luncheon discussion last week, the two economists debated their candidates' policies. Some highlights:*

ON THE BUDGET. *Greenspan:* The budget is severely out of sync. Reagan's program would hold federal revenues to less than 21% of G.N.P. in 1985. Carter's proposal accepts a huge rise in the tax burden to nearly 24% of G.N.P. This is a turning point in American history; unless we choke off budget growth, we cannot rebuild the economy.

Heller: What budget cuts has Reagan specified? None except the elimination of waste, extravagance, abuse and outright fraud. I call those the four horsemen of the budget apocalypse. Actually, they are tired old nags that have been trotted out by every presidential challenger. No more than $4 billion could be saved that way. Until Reagan gives us chapter and verse on what programs he will cut and by how much, his balanced-budget pledge is no more than a pious hope. It's a little cruel to call this voodoo economics, as George Bush apparently did. I'd call it Indian-rope-trick economics or Houdini economics.

ON THE GOVERNMENT'S ROLE IN THE ECONOMY. *Greenspan:* The President's Economic Revitalization Board is a bad mistake. At the White House door will appear not progressive new industries, but companies on the verge of bankruptcy. In our political system this board can be nothing other than a bailout operation. Carter's plan would gradually increase Government control of the economy.

Heller: I'm not wild about the Revitalization Board idea either, but a governmental hands-off approach can be carried too far. I've heard nothing about Reagan's wage and price policy. Without wage and price restraint, no strategy against inflation is realistic. Reagan would simply return to the discipline of the marketplace—the same discipline that has GM, Ford and Chrysler raising prices in the face of the slowest summer auto sales in almost 20 years.

ON GOVERNMENT REGULATION. *Heller:* Carter has the record on his side. Deregulation of airlines, trucking, banking and telecommunications, goals that we have been struggling toward for almost 20 years.

Greenspan: Some of these deregulation efforts were started during the Ford Administration, but I do applaud the progress Carter has made. My only difficulty is that during the President's first three years in office, the number of pages of regulations in the *Federal Register* went up 35%.

ON CARTER'S MANAGEMENT OF THE ECONOMY. *Heller:* The President's inflation record is not good, but he has added some 8 million jobs during his term. Industrial output has risen faster than in any country except Japan. He's shown political guts: no tax cuts in 1980 and only modest, business-oriented ones in 1981.

Greenspan: The rise in jobs is consistent with the slow growth in productivity. Much of the production increase was inflation-induced, and the dollar has plunged. By allowing the economy to deteriorate, Carter was forced into a crash program of restraint that led to a massive decline in the economy and a huge rise in unemployment.

Republican Greenspan

Democrat Heller

in Washington: "In this election year the message seems to be business as usual."

Members of the board were unimpressed by election-year proposals for America's industrial revitalization. Grove warned that there are no quick or painless plans to restore health to such key industries as steel and autos. Said he: "It will really require working on a lot of fronts at the same time. This would include reducing expensive Government regulations, plus shifting the tax structure more in favor of savings and investment than consumption. But none of these things is going to produce fast results, and none of them is going to be easy to do politically."

President Carter's proposed Economic Revitalization Board, which will be headed by AFL-CIO President Lane Kirkland and Du Pont Chairman Irving Shapiro, was also viewed with skepticism. The group is supposed to get business, labor and Government to sit down together in a sort of tripartite arrangement and discuss their mutual problems. Said Weidenbaum: "What scares me is that when Big Business, Big Government and Big Labor get together, they lean on the little consumer." Nathan pointed out that close cooperation in the past between the steel industry and steelworkers resulted in high wage settlements and an antiquated industry that has difficulty competing with Japanese imports.

To most of the board's members, the biggest single weakness in the anti-inflationary approach of the two major candidates was the lack of a comprehensive, all-fronts assault on the many roots of rising prices. Summed up Nathan: "If we are simply going to rely on monetary and fiscal policies to try to tighten down inflation, it is a hopeless task. We must recognize the complexity of inflation and take genuine and effective steps, for example, to boost investment, scrap protectionist trade policies, eliminate agricultural price supports and substitute income supports for farm families, limit cost-of-living benefits for federal worker pensions and Social Security and intensify competition. Until we do those things, we will simply be running away from many of the base causes of inflation."

The U.S. economy has become deeply ensnarled in what the late Economist Arthur Okun called "the great stagflation swamp." Just when the economy may begin to pull out of recession, interest rates are likely to start up and inflation to take off again. That will push the economy back down into another period of slow growth or recession. With the underlying inflation rate now at about 10%, the way out of the swamp and onto solid ground, as TIME's economists saw it, looks more difficult than ever. —*By Christopher Byron*

Still Another OPEC Price Hike

Under pressure, the Saudis push up the cost of crude

Even in the normally supercharged atmosphere of petro politics, last week's meeting in Vienna of foreign, finance and oil ministers from the 13-member OPEC cartel was highly unusual. The Austrian capital is OPEC's administrative headquarters, but no meeting of oil ministers had been held there since December 1975, when pro-Palestinian terrorists kidnaped some of the delegates and held them hostage. Saudi Arabia's Oil Minister, Sheik Ahmed Zaki Yamani, the principal target of the 1975 raid, was taking no chances on a repeat performance. First he sent his private plane to Vienna's Schwechat Airport, and then let rumors circulate that he would arrive on Monday. In fact, he showed up in another plane on Sunday night. During the meeting, he was constantly surrounded by his own British-trained security officers as well as by Austrian antiterrorist policemen carrying Israeli-made Uzi submachine guns.

The conference was held in the majestic 705-year-old imperial Hofburg Palace, but the atmosphere was anything but stately. At times the discussions were overshadowed by the bitter border dispute between Iran and Iraq, both OPEC members. And at one point the Iranian Oil Minister, Ali Akbar Moinfar, accused the Saudis of catering to "Western imperialists." Said one Iranian delegate after two days of bickering: "This thing is going to blow sky-high."

In those surroundings of tight security and contention, the oil cartel last week was seeking to reach agreement on a long-range pricing and production strategy. Several key OPEC countries, including Saudi Arabia, want to replace the current erratic increases in the cost of crude oil with a system of regular quarterly price hikes that would be tied to the level of inflation in industrialized nations. The Saudis are also anxious to return to a unified OPEC oil price. Since last July, rates have ranged from $28 to $37 per bbl. Prior to the meeting, the Saudis hinted that they would be willing to cut their production from 9.5 million bbl. per day to 8.5 million, if agreement could be reached on a unified price. This would have eliminated the current world glut of oil that has been pushing down the price of OPEC crude for the past four months.

After three days of charges, threats and bluffs, the oil ministers hammered out a shaky compromise. The Saudis agreed to raise their price from $28 per bbl. to $30, while the other OPEC members said that they would freeze theirs at existing levels, which average about $32. The Saudis, however, also announced that they will continue to produce 9.5 million bbl. per day, thus maintaining the market pressure for lower prices. The proposed quarterly increases of oil prices will be discussed further at a 20th anniversary summit meeting of OPEC countries in Baghdad in November.

Last week's increase in the price of Saudi oil is expected to raise the cost of gasoline and heating oil in the U.S. by less than a penny per gallon. Western observers, who had feared that a drop in Saudi production would lead to a new escalation of oil prices, sighed with some relief after the meeting. But the session again showed how much the oil-importing nations and their economies hang on the decisions of the fractious oil cartel. ■

Saudi Foreign Minister Saud al Faisal and Oil Minister Yamani, in Vienna

Charges, threats and bluffs, in a conference that seemed ready to blow sky-high.

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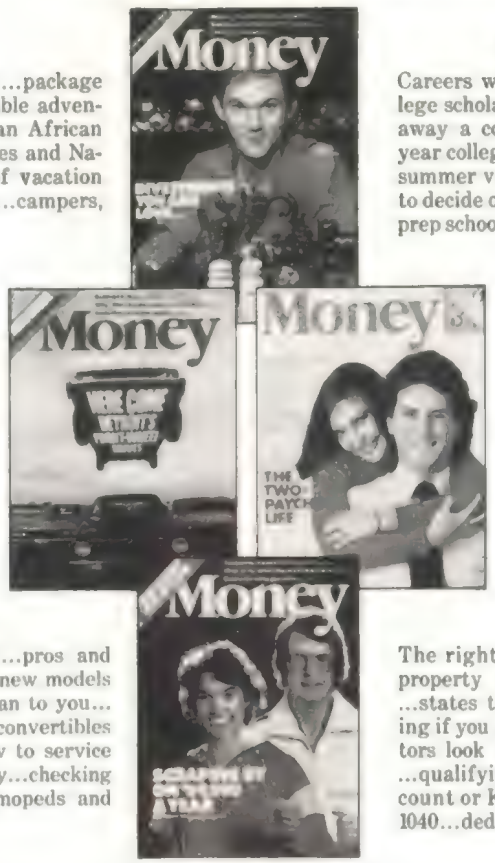

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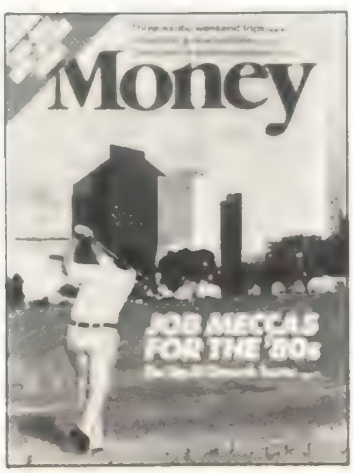

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Circus: Headquarters of British Secret Service – so named because it is located at Cambridge Circus, London

Control: The former head of Circus and George Smiley's boss. Died shortly after disastrous attempt to uncover the Mole

Circus Staff: (Code names based on nursery rhyme, "Tinker, Tailor")

Percy Alleline, (Tinker), Director of Operations. Ambitious, cold, arrogant

Bill Haydon, (Tailor), Head of Personnel. Aristocratic, brilliant, friendly

Roy Bland, (Soldier), Head of Iron Curtain Networks. Self-made, tough, aloof

Toby Esterhase, (Poor Man), Head of Lamplighters. Self-serving, equivocal, resentful

Lamplighters: Section composed of "pavement artists" – experts at tailing suspects and electronic snooping

Scalphunters: Section specializing in foreign undercover operations. The no-holds-barred boys. Headed by Peter Guillim

The Nursery: Training center for agents. Also used for debriefing

Moscow Center: Soviet counterpart of Circus

Karla: The "Old Fox" of Moscow Center. Master spy and survivor of numerous purges. Smiley's most dangerous opponent

Mole: Counterintelligence agent placed by Karla at the heart of Circus. The enemy Smiley must track down

Gerald: Code name for the Mole

Source Merlin: Top secret source of Russian intelligence

Witchcraft: Organization set up to process information supplied by Source Merlin

Baby-sitter: Invisible bodyguard

Safe House: A meeting place known to be free of surveillance

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Economy & Business

Airport 1980: Atlanta's Hartsfield

A little less Southern discomfort for air travelers

In sheer size no other airport in the world can match it. With its twin terminals and 138 boarding gates, the new passenger complex at the William B. Hartsfield Atlanta International Airport, which opened last week, sprawls over an area equivalent to 45 football fields. The $500 million jetport is far bigger than its closest rival: the terminal at Dallas/Fort Worth Airport covers a mere 29 football fields.

For frequent air travelers around the South, the opening came not a day too soon. There is a lot of truth in the old saying that: "Whether you go to heaven or hell, you have to change planes in Atlanta." Indeed, 72% of all travelers landing in Atlanta stay only long enough to catch another flight. Both Eastern and Delta Airlines use the airport as the center of their Southern networks. Eastern passengers flying south from Mobile to Miami, for example, can get there only by first flying north to Atlanta.

With so many air lanes leading to Atlanta, Hartsfield became seriously overburdened. The old terminal, built to handle 18 million passengers annually, last year had to accommodate 42 million. Mobs at the ticket counters, long treks to the planes and indefinite delays on the runways made Hartsfield notorious as a dispenser of Southern discomfort.

The new airport should be less of an ordeal. Although the outermost gates are a mile from the terminals, underground electric monorail cars will whisk people to the planes at 25 m.p.h. Expected to carry 250,000 riders a day, the airport monorail will be the nation's fifth busiest rapid transit system, ranking ahead of San Francisco's BART, which hauls 160,000 passengers daily. Moving sidewalks, computerized baggage handling, and a one-stop security checkpoint equipped with twelve electronic screening devices will also minimize the Hartsfield hassle. By 1985 travelers will be able to reach downtown Atlanta, nine miles away, in 17 minutes on a new branch of the Atlanta metro. Although designers spent $450,000 on contemporary art at the airport, most critics were unimpressed. Quipped Atlanta *Journal* Columnist Ron Hudspeth: "They could have gotten off much cheaper with a couple of velvet bullfighter scenes from K mart."

Atlanta's position as the Southeast's business center and its commitment to air travel are closely linked. In 1961 the city built the region's first modern jetport, which helped attract a wave of corporate immigrants. More than 80% of the top 500 U.S. companies now have offices in Atlanta. The number of conventions held there has soared from 440 in 1968 to 860 this year. Atlanta's trade-show coliseum, the Georgia World Congress Center, already booked solid through 1989, is asking the state legislature for $86 million to almost double its size. Hartsfield's eight daily international flights to seven countries have also helped attract foreign firms like West Germany's Commerzbank to Atlanta.

Conscious of their past problems, Atlanta Airport officials are already planning a fourth runway that will be ready for landings and takeoffs in 1983. By the year 2000, Hartsfield will be able to handle 75 million passengers a year, nearly double the present load. Even transfers to heaven or to hell should now be easier in Atlanta. ■

Moving sidewalks carry passengers along

Partial aerial view of the new facilities

Changing planes to heaven or to hell.

Johnny Comes Marching Home

American taxes force U.S. businessmen back from abroad

The Cummins diesel engine distributor in Hong Kong, J.W. Streeter, commutes 5,636 miles every month to work from his home in Honolulu. He does so gladly. Before he moved from Hong Kong back to the U.S. in 1979, Streeter had been spending $65,000 a year on rent and education for his four children. Although these costs resulted directly from his work in Hong Kong, the Internal Revenue Service did not give him full tax credit on them. Says he: "I'm saving at least $1,500 a month by living in Honolulu, and that is more than enough to pay for the plane ride every few weeks."

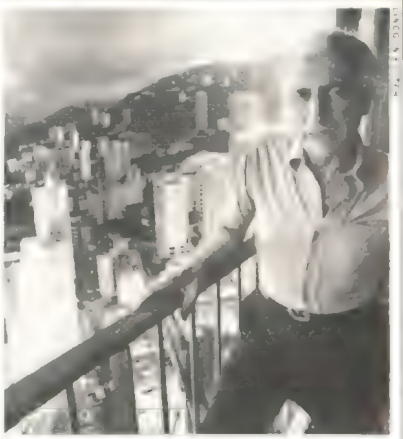
From Tokyo to London, anguished U.S. businessmen are complaining about the unbearable financial burdens of what were once considered cushy overseas assignments. Long battered by the declining value of the dollar, many of the 1.5 million Americans working abroad now claim that the IRS has made life even harder by penalizing them unfairly. Companies doing business overseas also argue that U.S. tax laws have made it too expensive to keep American employees abroad and are replacing them with foreigners.

The cause of the complaints is changes in the U.S. tax code. Beginning in 1976, the Government began pushing up the tax brackets of Americans working outside the U.S. It also tightened the rules on exemptions for the benefits many receive while employed overseas. The equivalent of an apartment renting for $700 a month in Chicago, for example, might run $2,000 or more in Saudi Arabia. Private English-language schools there can cost as much as $5,000 a year for each child. The tax changes that finally went into effect in 1978 made it almost prohibitively expensive for independent American businessmen to work abroad and hiked the tab for companies that pick up their employees' expenses. Firms usually pay the extra tax, but the proceeds then become taxable income for the employees. ITT estimates that a $40,000-a-year executive can wind up paying taxes on $95,000 of gross income. The extra tax bill: about $33,000.

These additional expenses have forced more and more U.S. companies to pull their executives out of overseas posts. Within the past four years, RCA, Boeing, A T & T and General Electric have substantially reduced the number of Yankees that they employ abroad. After Dow Chemical's Pacific subsidiary discovered that U.S. tax laws alone cost the company $17,000 a worker, it cut back its U.S. staff in Hong Kong from 36 to 24. At the same time, it increased its total employment by 50% by hiring less costly employees from other countries.

Trade experts maintain that replacing Americans with workers from other nations can lead to a decline in U.S. exports. Reason: the difficulty of adapting to American-style operations. Says Gibson Durfee, president of Westinghouse Nuclear Belgium: "Obviously, if you whittle away American representation abroad, you carve away at America's competitive position." Adds Karl Gelbard, who is leaving Merrill Lynch's Hong Kong office partly because of the tax burden: "I need Americans to sell American stocks. But I cannot afford to bring them in from the U.S."

The U.S. is the only major industrialized nation that taxes its citizens on salaries earned outside their own country. A Japanese or West German businessman living abroad pays taxes to the local government but not to Tokyo or Bonn. Congress initially imposed taxes on U.S. citizens living abroad in 1926. But employees with three consecutive years of overseas residence had enjoyed a $25,000 exemption, a measure that left most executive salaries untouched. In 1977, however, Senator William Proxmire of Wisconsin gave his famous Golden Fleece of the Year award to the Treasury Department for its efforts to delay enactment of changes in the Internal Revenue code that would have sharply increased taxes for those he called "mink-swathed Americans who spend their waking hours in gambling casinos in Monte Carlo." The following year the rules on the income tax exclusion and the taxation of benefits were tightened.



Karl Gelbard, of Merrill Lynch International

Some were "mink-swathed gamblers."

U.S. businessmen around the world, protesting loudly, have organized a lobbying campaign in Washington. Says Edward Gottesman, president of the American Chamber of Commerce in London: "Every other major country in the world has adopted an attitude that when its citizens live abroad, they should be taxed in the place where they live rather than according to their passsports. But the U.S. curiously has an anachronistic attitude on taxation."

Belatedly, help is coming. The next tax bill, which will probably be passed early in 1981, is almost certain to contain some relief for Americans abroad. The Senate Finance Committee has approved an increase in the salary tax exemption to $50,000 for workers in developing countries or employees of largely export-oriented firms. The Administration has proposed a more modest measure that would lessen the tax load for Americans in hardship posts like the Middle East, but not for those, for example, in Western Europe, Canada and South Africa. Insiders believe that the Senate's version is more likely to be passed. One stumbling block in the Carter proposal is how to define a hardship post. But under the present tax laws, Americans abroad consider almost any country a hardship post. ■

American Edward Gottesman at his office in London's financial district

KODAK INTRODUCES

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Two new Kodak cameras with built-in Sensalite flash–the Ektralite 500 and Tele-Ektralite 600.

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ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY TOM LUCIC

Now It's the No-Credit Card

MasterCard and Visa bitterly fight the plastic money war

It looks and feels like a credit card, and it can ring up purchases as easily. But MasterCard II, which was introduced last week, is not the same as familiar plastic money. With a normal credit card, the bill for a shopping spree may not arrive for weeks. But with MasterCard II, which bankers call a debit card, payment takes place instantly. A computer deducts funds from the shopper's bank account and transfers them into that of the store or restaurant where purchases have been made. Cardholders may carry either the regular MasterCard, MasterCard II, or both.

MasterCard II is another salvo in the continuing battle between Interbank Card Association, whose 11,000 members are the financial institutions, primarily banks, that issue MasterCard, and rival Visa International, which has about 11,500 members. MasterCard (formerly Master Charge) and Visa are each carried by more than 60 million people in the U.S., but the tide of success is running with Visa. Five years ago, approximately 6 million more people carried Master Charge than Visa, then called BankAmericard. Through shrewd marketing, and a court ruling that allowed banks to issue both cards, Visa now leads.

Seven months ago, Russell Hogg (rhymes with vogue), 50, became president of MasterCard, and set out to take back leadership in bank credit cards. A craggy onetime FBI agent with executive experience at American Express and American Airlines, Hogg promptly fired eight top officials and laid plans for a host of new products. The debit card is soon to be followed by a Japanese MasterCard and traveler's checks.

MasterCard will have to struggle. Five years ago, Visa introduced the first debit card, and last November it branched into traveler's checks. The checks have gained ground rapidly against the long-dominant American Express, partly because of the prominence of the Visa name. This year Visa expects to capture more than 10% of the market worldwide. Moreover, many bankers and merchants think that while MasterCard may carry clout, as its ads used to proclaim, Visa carries class. The name Visa seems to spell easy access, a door-opener around the world. Says one New York banker: "MasterCard is taken more as a card for blue-collar people."

Yet both cards face serious troubles. In the past, most profits have come from consumers who only paid interest on their bills rather than settling them in full each month. But when interest rates soared last spring, banks lost money on their card business. Indeed, Jack Cox, publisher of a newsletter about bank cards, estimates that U.S. banks lost at least $250 million on credit card operations in the first half of 1980.

Then came the Carter Administration's credit squeeze in March. Many people simply stopped using their cards, and some people even sent them to the White House as a symbol of swearing off demon plastic. MasterCard use fell 8.4% during the first quarter of the year, and from March to July Americans decreased their consumer debt by about $6 billion.

Visa and MasterCard users will now have to pay more for using plastic. The main advantage of Visa and MasterCard over other cards is that they were issued for free, but now many U.S. banks are charging an average of $12 a year for the plastic-packing privilege. Banks may be moving their operations to states where they can charge higher interest. Pending approval, New York's Citibank will transfer its entire service on 5 million credit cards to Sioux Falls, S. Dak. The reason: New York limits interest rates for consumer loans to 18% for the first $500 and 12% thereafter. South Dakota has no limits. Plainly, it is becoming more expensive simply to say "Charge it." ■

Family Feud

Rothschild's divided house

No sign marks the headquarters of N.M. Rothschild & Sons Ltd. in London's financial district—only a shield with five red arrows, symbolizing the five sons of the dynasty's founder. The House of Rothschild, which once helped British Prime Minister Benjamin Disraeli buy the Suez Canal, needs no identification. Last week sixth-generation members of one of Europe's oldest and wealthiest families were fighting over the use of their name. Evelyn de Rothschild, 49, chairman of the 176-year-old N.M. Rothschild bank, forced his cousin Jacob, 44, to stop using the family name on the Rothschild Investment Trust, which Jacob has run for ten years.

The disagreement was largely a matter of style. Discreet and conservative in its ways, the Rothschild bank is the epitome of bowler hat British banking. The Rothschild trust, known as RIT for short, is something of a swinger in world financial circles. Under Jacob's management, its assets have increased astronomically, from $14.3 million to $239 million since 1970, through investments in art gal-

Jacob Rothschild; Evelyn de Rothschild

A family dispute over a matter of style.

leries and auction houses, among others.

Disapproving of his cousin's business ways, Evelyn two weeks ago resigned from the board of the Rothschild Investment Trust and invoked a ten-year-old agreement that would force RIT to drop the family's name. Says Evelyn: "I don't want to sound staid and toffee nosed, but in the banking business, a name is terribly important."

Jacob also knows what's in a name. He proposed calling his operation the J. Rothschild Investment Trust in order to distinguish it from the N.M. Rothschild bank, but Evelyn turned down that suggestion. Finally Jacob capitulated. Saying that he was sad that the "difference of opinion within the family" had become public, he resigned as a director of N.M. Rothschild and agreed to change his firm's name to RIT Ltd. However, he has put management of its assets into another organization called J. Rothschild and Co., meaning he will continue to display the family label. ■

A Comic Master Goes for Baroque

STARDUST MEMORIES *Directed and Written by Woody Allen*

From the outside, celebrity means receiving invitations to all the best parties, swapping *aperçus* with the noterati and finding beautiful women draped around your calves begging for a one-night meaningful experience. From the inside—of Woody Allen's head—celebrity is all of this, and ain't it awful? It means being introduced to a woman who wrote "the definitive cinematic study of Gummo Marx." It means being offered unproducible scripts, including a musical-comedy treatment of the Guyana massacre. It means being solicited to join committees for Soviet dissidents, to help stamp out leukemia, to donate a personal item to a celebrity auction for the blind ("Somebody told me you wear a truss. An old truss would be just wonderful"). It means being asked to sit for an interview on "the shallow indifference of wealthy celebrities." And everywhere there are autograph freaks. A young woman asks, "Would you sign my left breast?" He does. A man shoves a piece of paper in his face and says, "Could you just write 'To Phyllis Weinstein—you unfaithful lying bitch'?" He escapes the mob for a drive on a deserted road with a pretty girl and, naturally, his Rolls-Royce overheats.

Stardust Memories is Woody Allen's *8½*. Taking his cue from Federico Fellini's great comic fantasy, Allen has set his film in a resort hotel and cast himself as a film maker, very much like the Woody Allen we think we know, who finds himself in a creative cul-de-sac. The film mixes memory and fantasy with the surreal-life present. Its visual style is a gloss on *8½'s*: seductive black-and-white images, express-train pacing, a foregrounding of comic bit players. The three main women in *8½* (a mistress, a wife, an earthy guardian angel) find their echoes here in Charlotte Rampling, Marie-Christine Barrault and Jessica Harper. Allen also appropriates Fellini's strategy of deflecting criticism by placing it in his film—in the mouths of buffoons. Predators and editors, gargoyles and groupies, all want a piece of his present and a lock on his future—his promise to make the kind of romantic comedies that established his cult, which for him means a return to the played-out past. He rejects this advice, but he can't escape it. He even dreams of encountering an extraterrestrial who tells him: "You want to do mankind a real service? Tell funnier jokes."

The film's comic tone, however, is as deadpan as that of a *New Yorker* profile. The interested-disinterested camera follows its subject for a few days, records snippets of conversation, refuses to strain for socko punch lines or an apocalyptic climax. As an ironic *True Confessions*, the film may satisfy the benign curiosity millions of people seem to have about Woody Allen. The star of cover stories in virtually every major magazine has now written and directed his own. It is the story of his life and his films, a defense of a public artist's need for privacy, an explanation of his motives for making the solemnly metaphysical *Interiors*, and a cardiogram showing the latest murmurs of his heart. As a lover and friend, he can never quite satisfy his women. As a film maker, he can shower them with cinematic gifts: a final close-up for Rampling, a final kiss for Barrault, the film's final shot in which he retrieves Harper's sunglasses. He can control their destinies and make them happy.

"You can't control life," says Woody Allen in *Stardust Memories*. "It doesn't wind up perfectly. Only art you can control. Art and masturbation—two areas in which I'm an absolute expert." Some moviegoers will see the film as life made into art, the rarefied atmosphere of Manhattan high life bottled, aged and served with a chill. Others will wonder if the movie isn't an elaborate mechanism of self-abuse, a Rube Goldberg dildo, a film about a dead end that *is* a dead end for this prolific, personal film maker. *Stardust Memories* has much to please the eye and ear. Cinematographer Gordon Willis and Production Designer Mel Bourne have created an austere, bleached environment that gives Allen's film a look as distinctive as a Bergman or Fellini film—or, rather, a Bergman *and* a Fellini film. And there are enough quotable gags to fill a movie review, if not a weekend seminar at a resort hotel. But there is also a sense of aridity, of desperation.

Jessica Harper and Woody Allen in *Stardust Memories*

A cardiogram showing the most recent murmurs of his heart.

Traditionally, artists begin their careers by imitating their masters and gradually developing or refining a style that in the happiest cases becomes unique. In recent American films, though, the process has been reversed. Hot young directors like Steven Spielberg and John Landis have exercised their talent on elaborate homages to the Three Stooges. Brian De Palma has taken up permanent residence as a grinning caretaker of the Hitchcock reliquary. Paul Mazursky has stared into his navel and found François Truffaut. And Woody Allen, whose films find their strength in reflections on his life and the lives of the beautiful battered people around him, has retreated into an anguished remake of *8½*. In *Stardust Memories*, he has erected a movie-studio cage around his experience and produced pictures of his bars and his keepers.

Because Woody Allen, like Fellini, has an acute sense of the absurd, he can see as much humor in his own splintered isolation as he can in the clumsy attempts of outsiders to break into the cage, to crash the cocktail party inside his head. *Stardust Memories* is a schizoid invitation to that party. The card says: COME ONE, COME ALL. BRING YOUR OWN BOOS. And in a fine hand at the bottom you can read: TRESPASSERS WILL BE SHOT.

—*By Richard Corliss*

Jagger in geisha getup with Halston and Model Connie Cook in Kyoto

Robards as U. S. Grant in *The Legend of the Lone Ranger*

People

Yes, that is **Bianca Jagger,** 35, next to Designer **Halston** at a tea ceremony in Kyoto, Japan. No, she is not suffering from disco pallor. The white-faced geisha look was part of the Oriental theme of Halston's 500-outfit, 30-person, 22-day, six-city fashion tour. When asked to include Peking and Shanghai in his travel plans, Halston, 48, designed a line of silky "Great Wall clothes." They proved popular with his Chinese hosts, but most still cling to the jacketed outfits pioneered by their own trend setter, Mao.

■

"I got these hips on Italian pasta, and now I'm working them off on an Italian bicycle," says Model **Christie Brinkley,** 26. Her swimsuit poster proves that less is more. For a Home Box Office special on modeling in Palm Springs, Calif., Christie posed for a few swimsuit shots to show how a model models. Months later, a pinup featuring those flawless flanks began appearing in stores. Miffed that the poster was released without her approval, Brinkley is suing the company that produced it. Besides, says she, "my cheeks make me seem like one of David Seville's chipmunks. I look like I'm storing up nuts for the winter."

■

The one-man Mount Rushmore is back for yet another encore. Bearded, and brandishing a cigar in the film *The Legend of the Lone Ranger*, **Jason Robards,** 58, plays President Ulysses S. Grant, who gets kidnaped by outlaws, then rescued by Kemo Sabe and his faithful Indian companion, Tonto. It is the actor's fourth term in a presidential part: he played Abraham Lincoln in *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, a 1964 *Hallmark Hall of Fame* drama; the Nixonesque Richard Monckton in the 1977 NBC mini-series *Washington: Behind Closed Doors;* and more recently, the title role in *F.D.R: The Last Year*, a TV movie

Brinkley in hip swimsuit shot

shown on NBC this year. That leaves 34 Chief Executives to go. Hi-ho, Silver! Getum up, Scout! Talent scout, that is.

■

It could not have been dubbed a sellout crowd, because the concert was free. But by any standards, **Elton John's** afternoon concert in Manhattan's Central Park, organized to benefit its "Keep It Green" program, was strictly S.R.O. The urban Woodstock drew 400,000 jeans-clad John fans and graying groupies, who blanketed the park's Great Lawn, a sprawling, 15.2-acre open field. Seated at an enormous white Yamaha and decorated in his studiously garish outfits—John, 33, looked as impish and outlandish as ever. Contact lenses may have replaced those preposterous peepers, but Captain Fantastic still knows how to stage a spectacle.

■

For Duke University President **Terry Sanford,** the adventure proved more downward-bound than anything else. Toughing it in the Oregon wilds with a blue-chip Outward Bound expedition organized by American Stock Exchange Chairman **Arthur Levitt Jr.,** 49, for Amex board members and others (among them: retired Admiral **Elmo Zumwalt,** 59), Sanford was surprised to see some of the group's guides jump off a cliff into the Rogue River. Sanford, 63, who served in World War II as a paratrooper, shrugged, then followed. Butch Cassidy–style. His daredeviltry earned kudos from his companions, but left him with a cracked vertebra, torn back muscles and a corset for the pain. And just how high was that cliff? Says Sanford: "When I first told the story, it was 35 feet. Then I added five feet every time I told the story. When I got to 100, I started over."

—By E. Graydon Carter

Elton John in piano-playing togs

On the Record

Ethel Kennedy, 52, toasting the engagement of her son Michael Kennedy, 22, to Vicki Gifford, 23, the daughter of ABC Sports Announcer Frank Gifford: "I don't feel I am losing a son; I feel I am gaining eight extra tickets for *Monday Night Football.*"

Rory Flynn, 33, defending her father Errol against accusations that he was involved in duplicitous espionage activities during World War II: "With Daddy's life-style? He'd be the last person anyone would want for a spy."

While his players celebrate one more in a long string of victories, Coach Paul ("Bear") Bryant retains his look of unapproachable calm

COVER STORY

Football's Supercoach

Changing with the times, 'Bama's Bear Bryant dominates the college game

He is a man of dimension, there can be no disputing that, and over the years his friends and foes have praised or damned him in outsize terms. To the rabid, almost reverential followers of his University of Alabama football teams, Paul William ("Bear") Bryant is a nearly mythic figure, a man who embodies the traditional American values: dedication, hard work, honesty and, above all, success. To the frustrated fans of the legions of teams he has defeated, he is a relentlessly slippery recruiter, a ruthless win-at-all-costs tyrant. To some, he is the demigod of the autumn religion, the finest coach of a uniquely American game. To others, he is the proselytizer of a brutal sport, a symbol of a national fixation on violence.

The exaggerations miss the point. For all his drill-field discipline, Bryant is not John Wayne with a whistle, a link to vague frontier tenets presumed lost. The most closely scrutinized coach in America, he could not get away with being a bagman for postadolescent jocks even if he tried. Nor is he a helmet-bashing maniac who views Saturday afternoons in the stadium as the moral equivalent of D-day. He is, at times, treated a bit too royally by those who vest football with more importance than it deserves. But he is also scorned too savagely by those who do not understand that the game has a rightful place in the life of small towns, schools, city back lots, the nation.

Today Bear Bryant unquestionably is the dominant figure in college football, but he began to make his mark in another age—the late 1940s, when Harry Truman was still in the White House. Bryant is that rare man who has changed with his times, the only one of his generation to coach as successfully in an era when football players use hair dryers in the locker room as he did when they wore crew cuts. "Thirty-five years makes a long time," he reflects. "A lot of good, a lot of bad, some things you did that were smart, some things you did that were plain stupid. Thirty-five years makes a lot of changes."

Just one thing has never changed: Bear Bryant has always won football games. In 35 years as a head coach, Bryant has won 298 games, lost 77 and tied 16. Before the 1980 season reaches its midpoint, he will become only the third coach to win 300 games. Late next year he should pass Pop Warner (313) and Amos Alonzo Stagg (314) to become the coach with the most victories in college-football history. His teams have won 23 games in a row, currently the longest winning streak in big-time college football. Bryant has taken teams to bowl games 26 times (a record); last season's Sugar Bowl appearance was the 21st consecutive postseason trip for Alabama's Crimson Tide (also a record). Under his stewardship, the polls gave Alabama the national championship six times. Bryant's teams have won 14 Southeastern Conference titles and a Southwest Conference crown.

This season's Alabama team, picked No. 1 in most early-season polls after a convincing 26-3 win over Georgia Tech, last week beat the University of Mississippi 59-35 and seems certain to continue Bryant's inexorable march into the record books. With eight veteran defensive starters on the squad, including four preseason All-Americas, Alabama boasts a swarming, solid defense. But nine start-

Photographs for TIME by Neil Leifer

ing players on the offensive unit graduated last year, and the team's Wishbone is being rebuilt. Says Alabama Assistant Athletic Director Charlie Thornton: "Last year the defense was green and the veterans were on the offensive unit. This year it's the reverse. These cycles come and go, and you just have to count on one unit buying time for the other."

Bryant's ability to shape successful teams from the constantly changing lineups has made him a one-man institution of higher learning for football: 42 of his former assistants and players have become head football coaches in the colleges and pros, among them the Houston Oilers' Bum Phillips, L.S.U.'s Paul Dietzel, the Washington Redskins' Jack Pardee, the New York Giants' Ray Perkins and the University of Pittsburgh's Jackie Sherrill. More than 60 former Bryant players have gone on to the pros (including five last year alone), among them former Jets Quarterback Joe Namath, Houston Quarterback Kenny Stabler, former Dallas Linebacker Lee Roy Jordan, New England Patriot Star Offensive Guard John Hannah and current Jets Quarterback Richard Todd.

At 67, Bear Bryant is a massive presence, a powerful man, 6 ft. 3½ in., 205 lbs., with sharp eyes and a sharper wit carefully sheathed by a down-home demeanor. His face is seamed and sunbaked from a lifetime on practice-field towers and stadium sidelines. His voice, a rich Southern drawl, is rarely raised; there is seldom any need.

Alabama's players may not feel close to Bryant ("I don't have time to coach individuals any more. I organize; my assistants coach"), but they are devoted to him. Remarks Defensive End E.J. Junior: "Coach Bryant is a father figure to the team. There's never much rah-rah talk, just plain common sense. In that respect, he's one of the best philosophers of life I've ever met."

Supervising practice from his special tower

A lofty perspective on passing generations.

The eagerness of impressionable youth? Bryant can dominate grown men the same way. Houston Oilers Coach Phillips recalls staff meetings during his days as one of the Bear's assistants at Texas A & M: "There'd be 16 of us, counting everybody on the staff, and we'd all be talking. When he'd walk in, everyone would just stop right in the middle of a sentence. He'd sit down, take out a pack of cigarettes, beat one on his thumb to pack it down, light it and smoke the whole damn thing without saying a word. He just had that magic about him: if he was going to say anything, you were going to be sure you didn't miss it."

At times, it seems that Bryant can have the same effect on the whole state of Alabama. Governor Fob James, who is far less famous than Bryant in the state, praises him as being "larger than life." Bill Baxley, Alabama's former attorney general, calls Bryant "the No. 1 asset of the state." He is certainly treated as though he were: two uniformed state policemen act as bodyguards and chauffeurs on game days. Bryant has achieved a pop-hero status. His face appears on T shirts and bumper stickers, and there are even postcards showing him strolling on water. The inscription: I BELIEVE. Small wonder that former Governor George Wallace says: "He never got into politics. But if he ever did, he could have had anything he wanted in this state."

Bryant's long career began in Moro Bottom, Ark. His father was a hardscrabble farmer struggling to eke out a living in the Depression South. When the elder Bryant was disabled by high blood pressure, his wife Ida kept the family going by selling vegetables from a horse-drawn wagon. Young Paul perched beside her and felt the sting of disparagement from the "city kids" of nearby Fordyce (pop. 3,206). He first won social acceptance as a fiercely combative football player for the state-champ Fordyce Redbugs, and football has since made him the guest of Presidents. "I had to try to get good at football," he says, "because I didn't have anything to go back to, anything else to count on."

When he was 17, University of Alabama Assistant Coach Hank Crisp came

Accompanied by a wave of Alabama blockers, Fullback Charlie Williams rolls downfield against Georgia Tech

At the office, Bryant signs glossy photographs of himself

At home with Mary Harmon Bryant, "the prettiest girl I ever saw"

to call in a Model A Ford. He offered a way out of the fields with a scholarship Paul, who was already known as Bear because at age twelve he had lost a wrestling match with a carnival bear, left for college in 1931.

At Alabama, Bryant lived above the gymnasium, going out for a date only when, in those days of relaxed rules, the line coach peeled a few dollars off a roll of bills and rewarded his charges, ostensibly for sweeping the basketball court Bear played end on the best team the college had ever fielded: in 1934 Alabama beat Stanford in the Rose Bowl, 29-13

In the fall of his senior year, Bryant met Mary Harmon Black, a campus belle and "the prettiest girl I ever saw." They were married, and after graduation Bryant took a job as an assistant coach at Alabama. He stayed for four years, then took an assistant's post at Vanderbilt. It was the first of many moves over the next two decades as he followed the apprentice coach's itinerant trail. "We've moved 27 times in our married life," says Mary Harmon Bryant. "I used to say I'd put off spring cleaning until I heard whether Paul was going to change jobs. It was easier to move than it was to clean."

Bryant was returning from an interview for the job of head coach at the University of Arkansas when he heard the announcement of the attack on Pearl Harbor. He immediately joined the Navy. After a tour in North Africa as a recreation officer, Bryant spent the war coaching football at a North Carolina preflight school. He left the service five days before the start of the 1945 football season and, at the age of 32, reported as head coach at the University of Maryland, a school with dreams of football grandeur To be certain that he did not get off to a bad start as a head coach, he took along some of his bull-necked Navy veterans. The record of Bryant's debut: six wins, two losses and one tie. He stayed at Maryland just one season, quitting when the college president, Harry C. ("Curly") Byrd, a former Maryland coach himself, reinstated a suspended player over the Bear's objections

For the next eight years Bryant was head coach at the University of Kentucky. In 1950 the school won its only outright championship of the Southeastern Conference. He was demanding. All-America Quarterback Babe Parilli, who later played with the Boston Patriots, recalls preseason training camps that began at 5:30 a.m. with orange juice and proceeded to head-on tackling drills at 6 a.m. He also remembers Bryant's coming into his hospital room the day after Parilli underwent surgery and throwing a stack of new plays on the bed. The plays were designed to let Parilli stand back in the shotgun offense and throw the ball after getting a long snap from center. "Learn them," the coach told his quarterback. Says Parilli: "I thought he was crazy. I could barely move. But I studied the plays. We were playing Louisiana State the next week, and on the day of the game, he said, 'Get into that shotgun and start throwing until I tell you to stop.' I did what I was told, and on the first 16 plays we threw 15 times. I never got touched. We won 14 to 0."

In 1954 the restless Bryant shifted to Texas A & M, at College Station. It was there that his reputation as a football tyrant became truly fixed, largely because of the infamous training camp he conducted at nearby Junction during his first year. Bryant left College Station with 96 football players on scholarship; ten days later, only 27 came back from the crossroads. The rest had quit. Under a merciless Texas sun, they had been drilled hour after hour by a coach who seemed mad. Jack Pardee remembers that the temperature was 110° when the workouts began. "It was an effort to survive. Each player could tell his own story, but mine was simply to make it to the next practice."

A quarter-century later, Bryant still wonders about Junction. "I don't know if what I did was good or bad," he says. "I never will know. It was just the only thing I could have done—at that time, knowing what I knew then. I wouldn't do it now because I know more than I knew then, more about resting players, letting them drink water, more about other ways to lead them. They had to put up with my stupidity. I believe if I'd have been one of those players, I'd have quit too."

The 1954 team, weakened

Bryant's rambling play-by-play always thrills the television home folks

"I know his mamma and daddy are proud of Byron."

by its trial by fire, was Bryant's only loser, 1-9. Two years later, Texas A & M won the Southwest Conference title. Still Bryant drove his players fiercely. John David Crow, a halfback who won the Heisman Trophy in 1957, recalls going into the dressing room after practice, pulling off his sweat-soaked uniform and, too tired to stand, sitting on a chair in the shower. As he relaxed, Bryant called the team back on the field for another practice. Baking in the sun, Crow fainted and was out for three hours. The first sight he saw upon regaining consciousness was Bryant, hovering anxiously over him.

Bryant had other things to learn about big-time football. During his second year at Texas A & M, the school was put on probation for recruiting violations. Bear now acknowledges that the violations occurred, insisting that they were standard at the time: the usual sorry practices of wealthy alumni giving money, cars, jobs. "All the other schools were doing it, so we did it too," he explains. "I was real bitter about it at the time—I cried all the way home from the meeting where they put us on probation—but looking back, it may have been the best thing that ever happened to me. After that, I always lived by the letter of the law, never won a game anything but the honest way."

In 1958 Bryant returned to his alma mater, which had floundered through four dismal seasons. Before the Auburn game that year, he told the Touchdown Club in Birmingham: "Gentlemen, I wouldn't bet anything but Coca-Cola on tomorrow's game. Next year you can bet a fifth of whisky. And the year after that you can mortgage the damn house." Bryant was right. A bettor would have lost a Coke that first year (Auburn won, 14-8), but the mortgages were safe: Alabama took the next four games in the series without allowing a point.

Bryant's early years at Alabama were stormy. There were no recruiting violations. But the reputation for brutality persisted, although it took a different form. This time the charge was that Bryant coached his teams to play too rough. He taught gang tackling; "pursuit" is the euphemism, and mayhem is occasionally the result, when swarms of tacklers bang into the ball carrier. In 1962 the *Saturday Evening Post* printed a story accusing him of teaching "dirty football," and later ran an article claiming that he and Wally Butts, the University of Georgia athletic director, had conspired to fix a game. Bryant sued in both cases and won settlements out of court totaling $300,000.

Bryant was settling down and building an athletic empire at his alma mater. Last year Alabama spent some $5 million on sports, and its athletic budget was still comfortably in the black. A $5 million fieldhouse, a $2 million track stadium and a new $2.4 million swimming and diving center were financed by football profits. Acres of tennis courts and other recreational facilities for students have been constructed from the vast haul of television royalties and bowl-appearance money earned by Bryant's teams.

A rawboned 'Bama end in 1933

Bryant has fed his football machine with generation after generation of blue-chip athletes. "You've got to have chickens," says Bryant, "before you can make chicken salad." He now leaves most of the barnstorming to ten assistants, but in his time he was a courtly and soft-spoken charmer who persuaded parents in order to win over their strong and swift sons.* To sell Alabama, his staff tells prospects, with veracity, that they will have a chance to play on a national championship team if they come with the Bear. Rival coaches try to turn Bryant's reputation to their advantage. Says Auburn Coach Doug Barfield: "We have to sell the concept of having a chance to beat him." Bryant regularly gets the sons of former players: John David Crow Jr., for instance, was a running back three seasons ago. And occasionally Bryant steps in to save the day, and a prospect. Says Bryant: "Recruiting is the one thing I hate. I won't do it unless my coaches tell me I've just got to. The whole process is kind of undignified for me and the young man." Not necessarily. Says one former recruit: "Just knowing that that man came into my home to talk to my parents made me an idol around high school."

*Under N.C.A.A. rules, Division 1A (big college) teams may grant a total of 95 football scholarships. No more than 30 scholarships may be given to an incoming freshman class. Each team is limited to ten assistant coaches.

A bullheaded Texas A & M coach in 1957

"Players had to put up with my stupidity."

The man who had once driven players to unconsciousness under the Texas sun hired an expert in tropical medicine to teach him about fluid intake, electrolyte balance and heat-humidity ratios. As the scandals recede in memory, his skills as coach have been increasingly appreciated.

As for his big, grizzly, anything-to-win image, that came into question when he suspended Joe Namath, his most famous player, for breaking training rules in 1963. Neither man will reveal the details of the infraction, but whatever its cause, the coach benched his star quarterback before the final regular-season game against Miami and extended the banishment to include the Sugar Bowl. "I don't guess anybody would think much of what Joe did nowadays, including myself," Bryant says. "But he was supposed to be a leader, so he had to live by the rules. It was the hardest thing I ever had to do, and it was to the greatest athlete I ever coached."

Mary Harmon Bryant was there to soothe the wounds. Says she: "When Joe was kicked off the team, I sent for him. When he got here, I hugged him and we both just cried like babies. I said to Joe, 'What happened? You couldn't do anything bad. You're just too good a boy to do anything bad.' All he would say was, 'No, ma'am, Coach Bryant is right.' I told him to stay with me. He came out to the house and stayed several days in a room downstairs. Paul never did know it; I never told him." Says Namath: "She hid me out. It was a tough, trying time in my young life. I was hurt. She knew that and responded by protecting me, helping in a motherly way." The next year Namath came back to star again.

Bryant has earned the loyalty of young men as varied as the burly veterans on the G.I. Bill, the obedient crew-cut disciples of the Eisenhower era, the rebellious students of the '60s and the cool careerists of the present generation. Says he: "You can't treat them all equal, but you can treat them fairly. That goes not just for how they're different as individuals, but how they're different from other generations. One player you have to shake up and get mad, but you'll break another player if you treat him like that, so you try to gentle him along, encourage him. The '60s were a rebellious period, and you've got to realize that a player is going to feel that too. Even the places you find good ballplayers can change. I used

to think I wanted strong old country boys like I used to be. Now I think the best place to find players is around a Y.M.C.A., where they're playing lots of sports, getting smart and quick, not just strong and dumb."

Ironically, the man who has bent with his times might once have led them. "I wanted to be the Branch Rickey of football when I was at Kentucky," says Bryant. But when he tried to break the ban on black players in the South, just as Rickey had broken the color line in major league baseball by bringing Jackie Robinson to the Dodgers, the university said he could not. "They told me no. So for years, I used to recommend all these great black players to schools up North." At Alabama, Bryant played his first black in 1971, and blacks now constitute around 30% of the team. No one thinks anything of it any more at the university where Governor George Wallace stood in the schoolhouse door in 1963 and, for a time, prevented black students from enrolling.

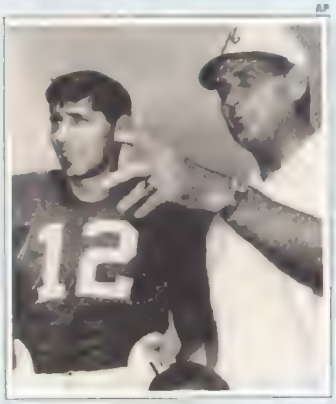
Over the years, Bryant has changed his strategy to keep the juggernaut rolling. An unabashed borrower of football tactics, he is more a refiner than an innovator. Georgia Tech's Bobby Dodd taught him the T formation, then watched helplessly as Bryant's team beat him at his own game. Babe Parilli showed him how to run a split T the way the pros did. Darrell Royal spent a day and a night in a motel room showing

The Bear's Superstudents: Trials and Triumphs

NAMATH: "Never Beaten"

Joe Willie Namath was the starting quarterback for Alabama from 1962 through 1964. In January of 1965 he became the first big bonus baby of the pro football bidding wars when he signed with the New York Jets of the A.F.L. His $420,000 salary and his love of the bright lights brought him fame as Broadway Joe, worker of the miracle victory over the Baltimore Colts in the 1969 Super Bowl. Namath reminisces about Bryant:

I was a late signee. The team was already practicing, and he was up in the tower. He calls me up and points out over the field and is talking to me, but I didn't understand a word he was saying. He's pointing down at players, saying, "That ole stud." I didn't know what the word meant, but he was trying to relate to a young kid. Stud. That was the only word he said that I understood my first three weeks there.



With Namath at the 1965 Orange Bowl

He was a stern disciplinarian. If you cut classes, for example, you had to take study hall in his office at 4 a.m. You had to be there waiting for him when he got to work. Nobody wanted to do that. He was frightening. He was the boss, the main man, the leader. You looked forward to getting away from him. Every time I got called to the coach's office, it was, "Oh, damn, what did I do? I didn't do anything, did I?" And then he'd just want to say goodbye before I went home for Easter.

Coach Bryant rarely touts his own team. The growth of his players is his main concern. The most important thing, he says, is their convincing themselves that they're getting better. He wanted to show what he expected of us so we'd all be confident in one another. That really helped me in the pros. Understanding people and having them understand him are very important to him. If he doesn't understand something, he asks. He wants everybody to do the same. He teaches an individual to take a certain pride in himself, and that takes discipline.

He taught you the difference between losing and getting beaten. Sometimes you can't do anything about losing. Sometimes the guy on the other side of the line is just better than you. But getting beaten is ugly. It's humiliation. At Alabama, we did lose some. But we never got beaten.

STABLER: "Needed Guidance"

From 1965 to 1967, lefthanded Kenny Stabler quarterbacked the Tide. Picked by the Oakland Raiders in 1968, he was their starting quarterback from 1973 through 1979, leading the team to a Super Bowl title in 1977. Traded to Houston last spring, he now finds himself working under Bum Phillips, a former Bryant assistant. Like Namath, Stabler was once thrown off the 'Bama team and reinstated after serving his penance. Stabler recalls:

I'm not your basic conformist, and he was tough on me for my own good. I don't know where I'd be if it wasn't for Coach Bryant. I needed guidance.

At the end of my junior year, I had a knee injury and had been kept out of spring practice. I got frustrated, started running around and chasing ladies. One thing led to another, and I ended up in Foley, my home town. He sent me a telegram that said: "You have been indefinitely suspended. Signed, Coach Paul W. Bryant."

With Stabler at the 1968 Cotton Bowl

I enrolled in summer school, and every week I had to report to him. It was one of the hardest things I've ever had to do. I'd go in and see him. He looks like he weighs about 500 lbs. sitting across that desk. He never said anything until the end of the summer. Then he looked at me and said, "You don't deserve to be on this football team." I didn't say anything at first. But I'm kind of stubborn, like him. Finally I said, "Well, I'm coming out there anyway." One of the assistant coaches told me later that that sold him on me. Then I went out and bought a case of beer and drove back to Foley, throwing the empties at every stop sign. I was happy.

I cussed him a thousand times in practice. Not to his face; I'm not crazy. I smoke cigarettes, but never in front of him. Figure that one out. If he ever called me up on a Monday and said he needed help, I'd be on the first plane to Birmingham. Sunday would be tough because I am Houston's quarterback. But you know, I think I'd get on the plane. That would never happen, though, because of the kind of man he is. He wouldn't call me on a Sunday no matter how much he needed me. He'd wait until Monday.

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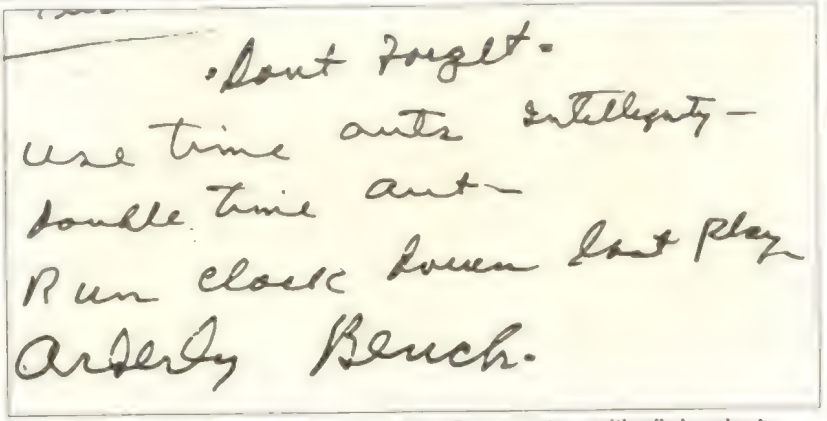

Wearing his sidelines trademark, a houndstooth hat, Bryant gestures with rolled-up sheets of paper that contain his carefully constructed plans for substitutions as well as scribbled admonitions not to forget "the itty-bitty, teeny-tiny things" that lose football games

him films of the Wishbone offense.

Bryant has also molded teams to talent with a skill that is almost magical, transforming his tactics to suit the players. When strong-armed Joe Namath was at quarterback, Alabama threw like the pros. When muscular Richard Todd, who followed Namath to the Jets, was at Alabama, the Tide did its passing off the run. Says University of Pittsburgh Coach Jackie Sherrill: "He's forgotten more about football than all of us young coaches will ever learn."

This year's defending national champions are a typical Bryant team, a squad short on superstars but stocked with hordes of fine players used so freely that they seemed to be, well, a Crimson Tide. In the season opener against Georgia Tech, three quarterbacks and eleven running backs shuttled in and out of the lineup. The searing heat in Birmingham (105° on the field) was one reason; an offense that had but two starting players return was another. While Bryant waits for his offense to gel, he has come up with a few surprises. Split End James Mallard, a world-class track man until a few weeks ago (in 1979 Mallard ran the world's second fastest 200 meters), played the first football game of his life against Georgia Tech. He caught the first pass ever thrown to him and, naturally, outran Tech's defenders for a touchdown.

Bryant controls the substitutions himself. The rolled-up sheets of paper he clutches on the sidelines, containing notes to himself and lists of alternate squads, are as much a symbol of his stadium persona as his jaunty houndstooth hat. Says he: "I want to have my best offensive and defensive units rested and fresh just before the half. I want them not to be worn down for the first five minutes of the second half, and I want them fresh for the last ten minutes of the game. These are the times that football games are won or lost."

In football, where the top coaches freely trade ideas and theories, a genius is a man who taps the common pool of knowledge and then prepares the best for a game. By that definition, Bryant is a genius. Says Paul Dietzel, athletic director at Louisiana State: "One of his favorite expressions is that 'it's the itty-bitty, teeny-tiny things that beat you.' He'll rehearse problems that might arise in a game over and over again."

They tell the story in the S.E.C. that Bryant has a game plan for a hurricane in the first quarter, a flood in the second, a drought in the third and an eagle swooping down to block a field goal in the fourth. Reminded of the tale, Bryant chuckles, but does not deny it. "Well," the voice rumbles, "we *do* try to be prepared."

Bryant has worn down his critics—or outcoached and outlived them. He now seems somehow above the fray, a man who has left his past behind. And he has mellowed. His practices are no tougher and his teams tackle no more savagely than those of other top football schools, and the day is long past when he would yank a star quarterback out of a hospital bed and send him out to play. But just as in the old days, his players still regard him with awe that is tinged with fear. There is no physical intimidation, in the style of the deposed Woody Hayes of Ohio State and Frank Kush of Arizona State. "I don't remember ever seeing Bear hit a player," says Dietzel. "But I don't think you have to hit people to intimidate them. I don't think there has ever been a player —or a coach—who wasn't scared to death of him."

Alabama Trainer Jim Goosetree, who has watched Bryant refine his approach in the past 22 years, puts it more precisely. Says he: "There is a degree of fear motivation still present in his personality. It's the fear of failing to live up to his expectations. He has recognized that the values of young people are different from what they were at

Alabama State Troopers opening a path through jubilant fans after Sugar Bowl win

Royal treatment for the man who could have any post he wanted in state government

one time; but in a fatherly way, he still demands a degree of discipline that is high."

But other coaches have been just as demanding and made their players fear failure too. Bryant became and stayed a winner because his players knew he cared deeply about them and their welfare. Bryant's concern goes deep and lasts long after the athletes have graduated. Against the advice of his business advisers, he has co-signed loans for his former team members and quietly helped them in their careers. Says Royal: "The greatest testimony that any coach can have is those guys who have long since been out of the program. You go ask them how they feel about Bryant, and it's great right down the line. Charisma alone doesn't do it. He's gone out of his way to do favors for these guys for them to be as devoted to him as they are."

As part of his motivation program, Bryant has his players write down a set of goals, then tries to see that they accomplish them. No detail is overlooked. Running Back Major Ogilvie remembers the first things Bryant told his group of freshmen: "Be courteous to everyone, write home to your parents, and keep your rooms neat." Says Ogilvie: "He's so involved in your future. He teaches us as people, not as football players. He relates football to life rather than life to football."

Bryant houses his players in the Paul W. Bryant Hall, a $2 million athletic dorm opened in 1963, where there are tutors available and the rules are strict. Indeed, the dorm is the only one on campus where the rule against coed visits in rooms is strictly enforced. Says Jack Rutledge, a Bryant assistant: "We don't have any agitation because Coach Bryant sets the policy, and that's that."

One of the hallmarks of Bryant's style is an unrivaled sense of the symbolic. Throughout his career, he has been known for the dramatic gesture that galvanizes players, opponents and fans. When he became head coach at Texas A & M in 1954, he walked into a student meeting, took off his topcoat at the back of the hall, pulled off his jacket and tie as he stepped to the podium, stomped on them, then kicked them aside. Finally, he rolled up his sleeves, leaned into the microphone and announced in a low, firm voice: "My name is Bear Bryant and I'm ready to go to work."

Bryant serves similar notice before each game. He leads his team in a street-clothes tour of the stadium before retiring to the locker room. Following their coach's example, the players peer at the sun, test the wind, check the footing on the field. The message to rivals is clear: Alabama is checking things out; Alabama will be ready.

As football coach and athletic director at Alabama, Bryant earns $54,000 a year, but he is a self-made millionaire, an astute businessman whose real estate purchases and stock market advice are carefully watched by businessmen across the state. Part owner of a meat-packing firm and a lumber company, he has negotiated shrewd deals with the soft-drink and potato-chip companies that sponsor his TV show, and his picture has adorned billboards across the South—for a fee, of course. His Sunday-afternoon television program during the football season has drawn better ratings than professional football broadcasts. The faithful tune in for a play-by-play commentary that is short on inside information but long on the kind of praise that can thrill the home folks. A sample: "Byron Braggs made a good tackle there. I know his mamma and daddy and all the folks in Montgomery are proud of Byron."

With the exception of a few weeks' vacation after the bowl games have been won and the new recruits signed, Bryant works year round at football. He likes to go to a dog-racing track near Tuscaloosa run by his only son, Paul Jr., a successful businessman who likes football but never played the game. The Bryant football tradition is kept alive by Marc, 17, the only son of Bryant's daughter, Mae Martin Tyson. When Marc injured his knee and required surgery last season, the grandfather was openly worried: "I wonder if everybody expects too much of him because of me."

Bryant hunts and goes fishing, plays golf and a little bridge. "But half the time when we go hunting, he never fires a shot," says Jimmy Hinton, a business adviser. "He mostly just likes to ride a horse and watch the dogs work." He plays bridge well enough, but does not care for the game's social aspects. Says Mary Harmon Bryant: "He doesn't like 'visiting' bridge. He wants to bid and win and skip the talk."

Bryant was hospitalized last spring with fluid in his lungs. He has since given up chain-smoking unfiltered cigarettes and has begun swimming daily to build his stamina. Says one friend: "He'll never admit it, but he wants those records so bad he can taste it. He's got himself into the best shape he has been in for years because he has to have good health if he is going to win football games."

What fascinates Bryant about winning football games is not diagramming plays or deciding when to kick a field goal or gamble for a first down, but the challenge of melding 95 very young men into a whole, making each man's vision of himself interdependent with those of his teammates. For all its excesses—and football has more than its share of faults—the sport can be, at its best, a social compact of a high order. Creating this bond is what Bear Bryant excels at, and for this he draws on insights and instincts he has developed over 35 years.

Bryant watches a new Tide team warming up for the 1980 opener against Georgia Tech

Hurricanes, floods, droughts or even an eagle swooping down to block a field goal.

The goal is becoming the best at something, even if it is a game. "I'm just a plowhand from Arkansas," Bryant insists, "but I have learned over the years how to hold a team together. How to lift some men up, how to calm down others, until finally they've got one heartbeat, together, a team."

The key to building that trust between coaches and players, creating loyalties that have reached beyond a game and into the fabric of a region's culture, is a simple matter of taking care not to act like the biggest animal in the forest. "There's just three things I ever say," sums up Bear Bryant, when he is pushed to explain his philosophy of coaching. "If anything goes bad, then I did it. If anything goes semi-good, then we did it. If anything goes real good, then you did it. That's all it takes to get people to win football games for you. I can do that better than anybody. That—and I do know a little something about winning." —*By B.J. Phillips. Reported by Peter Ainslie/Tuscaloosa*

Big Crunch for Kindergartens

Preschoolers and parents get an early taste of angst and elitism

Everybody knows that if you apply to a top-ranked private college the odds against admission are long and the chances of devastating disappointment great. But huge numbers of parents who want to get their children into private schools have discovered that the trauma of admissions screening nowadays begins at age four—the year before kindergarten.

Admission to good kindergartens in big cities has been tight since World War II. But lately the situation has become preposterous. In San Francisco two-thirds of the children applying to private kindergartens fail to get into their first-choice school. In Boston anxious parents of 80 preschoolers have sent in applications more than a year in advance for next year's class at the Commonwealth Day School. In New York the Educational Records Bureau, which evaluates applicants for kindergartens, is doing a thriving business. Says Helen LaCroix, director of admissions at Chicago's Francis W. Parker School: "It's become a little more difficult to get into a private kindergarten than to enroll in college."

Private kindergarten used to be only for the children of high-paid professionals and the very rich. No longer. The two-income family has created both a greater need for kindergartens—and nursery schools—and often also an ability to pay, somehow, the $2,000 to nearly $4,000 that many kindergartens now charge. In 1968 only a third of the nation's three- to five-year-olds were enrolled in nursery schools or kindergartens, but by 1978 the number had jumped to more than 50%. "Right now," says Robert Munro of the Bentley School in Oakland, Calif., "we have children of postal workers, bus drivers and truckers." Not only can such parents pay, they also share a belief that public schools, even in kindergarten, are unreliable. Because of the possibility of strikes, curriculum cutbacks, busing problems and even school closings, says David Fleishhacker, headmaster of the Katherine Delmar Burke School in San Francisco, parents cannot be sure what public schools will be like from year to year. "Private schools seem more stable." Says San Francisco Child Specialist Jeanne Lepper: "Parents think, 'Oh, my God, if my child doesn't make it at the beginning he won't have a chance later.' "

First interview: child plays as hopeful parents confront school admissions officer

"Parents think, 'Oh, my God, if my child doesn't make it he won't have a chance later.' "

With an excess of demand for too few places, admissions officers have become choosy. The process at San Francisco's Town School for Boys is typical: parents meet the headmaster, return for a tour of the building, and then bring their young candidate for a visit; finally, during a fourth trip to the school, the child spends an all-important hour as a member of a play group under the watchful eye of the school staff. Among the weighty questions: Can he hold a pencil? Play with others? Put a puzzle together? "We want somebody who is compatible with our philosophy of education," says Assistant Headmaster Bruce Knee, adding: "If a boy comes in and starts throwing blocks, we'll recommend he go to nursery school."

In an effort to pick the best candidates, kindergarten admissions officers sometimes visit the nursery schools of their applicants to check up. Many parents have been startled at requests for letters of recommendation on behalf of kindergarten applicants. Schools in New York City are interested as well in the previous schools attended by kindergarten hopefuls. Fumes one mother: "I was appalled when I received application forms from schools asking what nursery school my daughter went to."

Often the admissions routine is repeated several times as parents apply to two or three schools, paying application fees that range from $25 to $40. Recalls one Atlanta mother whose daughter was accepted this year at the Lovett School: "You promise your child that you'll take her to Steak n Shake if she doesn't say 'I don't like you' during the interview. When the day comes, you're a nervous wreck and the kid's delighted that she's going to Steak n Shake two days in a row." Sometimes the pedagogues disagree. Says a San Francisco mother: "My daughter got fed up after visiting the second school. She refused to cooperate by signing her drawings. One of the schools told me this indicated she was insubordinate. Another said it showed her sensitivity."

Parents go through the crunch, financial and emotional, in hopes of ensuring that their children will be able to make it at good elementary and secondary schools and into a top college. "The race for Harvard starts at age three," cracks Jamee Gregory, whose daughter Samantha entered kindergarten at New York's Spence this fall. Agrees Bernard Ivaldi, director of San Francisco's French-American Bilingual School: "I have had parents come in and say they want their kids to go to Stanford. And the kid is only five!"

School officials agree that the parents suffer the most. Says one New York mother: "While we were going through this, I was like a witch on a broom." Recalls Ivaldi: "I have had mothers break down and cry in my office." Jeanne Lepper: "Our job is to help families live with the strain, to encourage them to think about all the other possibilities, not just getting their kid into their first-choice kindergarten." Admissions officers report occasional offers of bribes and reminders of long-standing friendship by the parents of applying youngsters. As Darla Poythress of Atlanta's Trinity School puts it: "Parents believe that if they don't get their kids in at the kindergarten level, they won't get them in at all." That belief is often correct.

In contrast to Europe, which has al-

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ways started screening children early on the education ladder. America has traditionally been the country of delayed decision. Those days may be gone forever. *—By Kenneth M. Pierce. Reported by Robert Geline/New York and Patricia Roberto/San Francisco*

Licensing Plans

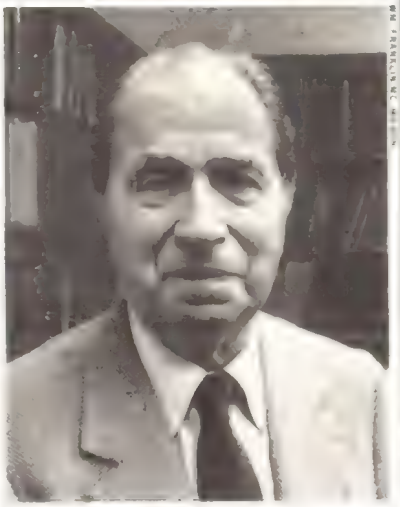
Proposals to improve teaching

Doctors are licensed. So are lawyers, hairdressers and real estate agents. Should schoolteachers be licensed too?

At present, most public school teachers are required only to hold state certificates. Unlike licenses, these are usually awarded automatically when teacher candidates graduate from an accredited education program. Once granted, such certificates usually extend through a lifetime of teaching—unless the holder is convicted of a crime or proved flagrantly incompetent.

This year, though, the state of Oklahoma decided that aspiring teachers would be required to take exams to show they know their subjects. If they pass they are licensed, but only for a probationary period of up to two years. During that time they will have to prove their classroom skills to the satisfaction of a panel of professional educators in order to remain in teaching. One aim of Oklahoma's internship program is to force the educators at state teachers colleges to improve their own techniques lest their graduates fail the licensing test. Similarly stiff internship requirements have been adopted in Georgia and Massachusetts.

The toughest state teacher licensing program so far has already received preliminary approval by New York's powerful Board of Regents. The New York program requires an annual review of the performance of all public school teachers, as well as a one-year internship in the classroom before a new teacher is granted a license. It also provides for a new statewide teaching board to oversee professional performance, as medical and other professional boards do.



Philosopher and Critic Mortimer Adler

"Incompetent, uneducated teachers."

In the Midwest, attempts to test new teachers before they teach have not fared as well. State legislatures in Kansas, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri and Wisconsin have let competency testing proposals die in committee. Teachers' unions are generally wary of licensing, and have sought to ensure that teachers themselves control licensing standards. Parent-teacher associations often are afraid that statewide professional boards set up to judge teachers will destroy local control of schools.

Underlying most current licensing reform proposals is the assumption that teaching can be improved by making the field more professional through use of measurable standards and uniform review procedures. In marked contrast, another licensing proposal is aimed at wresting control of teacher standards away from the present educational establishment. That radical notion has been proposed by Philosopher Mortimer Adler, 77, who argues that most of the nation's education schools and departments "are themselves the reason why our schools are staffed by woefully incompetent, uneducated, illiterate, unmotivated teachers."

Adler's plan: Require teachers to pass state board examinations before being allowed into the classroom. Tests of teacher competency are already required in 14 states. But as Adler sees it, such tests should be designed more broadly, to measure knowledge not just of teaching theory and basic pedagogic skills but of history, great literature and art. Furthermore, says Adler, the tests should be prepared "by the leading critics of our school system and of our teachers." Adler's plan could enhance opportunities for educated aspirants to become teachers by performing successfully on the licensing exams, while making the mere accumulation of required education course credits less important.

Adler would, in effect, weaken control of teaching by teachers. Other reformers seek to strengthen the organization of teaching as a profession. But all are in agreement on one fundamental: teaching and teacher education alike are in urgent need of overhaul. ■

Milestones

EXPECTING. Jill Clayburgh, 36, actress best known for her portrayals of winsomely mature liberated women (*An Unmarried Woman, Starting Over*), and Playwright **David Rabe,** 40, (*Streamers*): their first child; next March. Clayburgh's first postpartum role: the part of a middle-aged woman who wants to have a baby, in a film named *Expecting Miracles*.

DIED. Bill Evans, 51, facile-fingered jazz pianist and composer whose subtle lyricism and inventive harmonies won him five Grammy Awards and five Down Beat Critics Polls; of a bleeding ulcer and bronchial pneumonia; in New York City. Asked to join the Miles Davis sextet in 1959, he replaced Red Garland in a band that included John Coltrane and Cannonball Adderley. After a six-month collaboration that resulted in the classic jazz album *Kind of Blue*, he formed his own trio and recorded such albums as *Conversations with Myself* and *Affinity*.

DIED. General Anastasio Somoza Debayle, 54, Nicaragua's longtime strongman who was ousted last year; of bazooka and machine-gun fire after leaving his exile villa; in Asunción, Paraguay (*see* WORLD).

DIED. Josephine Hoffa, 62, wife of James R. Hoffa, former Teamsters union boss who has been missing and presumed murdered since July 30, 1975; of a heart attack; in Detroit. Said Mrs. Hoffa in a poignant 1976 interview with the Detroit *News*: "I've got to find out what happened to my man. Other women lose their husbands. They at least have comfort in knowing where they died and are buried."

DIED. Jean Piaget, 84, Swiss psychologist whose theories of child development profoundly altered conventional views of human intelligence and techniques of modern education; in Geneva (*see* BEHAVIOR).

DIED. Katherine Anne Porter, 90, author of gemlike novellas and short stories that dealt, in her words, with the human propensity for "self-betrayal and self-deception, in all its forms"; in Silver Spring, Md. With such lapidary works as *Flowering Judas, The Jilting of Granny Weatherall* and *Pale Horse, Pale Rider*, the Texas-born Porter reigned in the 1930s and '40s as the undisputed queen of the short story. But popular and financial success did not come until the publication in 1962 of her only full-length novel, *Ship of Fools*, which received mixed reviews but became an international bestseller and served as the basis of a star-heavy film. In 1966, *The Collected Stories of Katherine Anne Porter* won both the Pulitzer Prize and the National Book Award for fiction. "I have nothing to complain of in my life," she told an interviewer in 1974. "It was hell on earth, earlier, but I am glad I lived it."

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V-8-6-4 FUEL INJECTION

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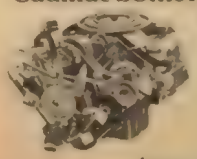
As you leave your driveway, all 8 cylinders in your gasoline-powered 1981 Cadillac are in operation. Then, as you reach intermediate speeds on a street or avenue and your power requirements lessen, the car automatically switches to 6 cylinders. And then, when you reach cruising speeds and your power needs decrease further, the car automatically switches to 4-cylinder operation.

Does any other carmaker offer anything like this?
To our knowledge no other carmaker offers it—foreign or domestic.

It sounds complicated—is it?
No. It's surprisingly simple. The on-board digital computer of the Digital Fuel Injection system senses the power requirements of the engine and closes off two, four or no cylinder valves, depending on those power needs. Then, as your power needs change, it opens fuel valves.

Can you feel the car going from 8 to 6 to 4 cylinders and back again?
Some people can. Some can't. The perceived sensation is slight. Because, in a sense there is no shifting. Fuel valves simply close or open as instructed by the computer.

The idea of 4 cylinders in a Cadillac bothers me—should it?



No, it shouldn't. The system only goes to 4 cylinders when your power needs are relatively low. To pass another car, push down on the accelerator and the system instantly goes into 8 cylinders for added power. Then, as your power needs decrease again, the system will return to 4 cylinders.

How reliable is it?
This system has been proven in over a half-million miles of testing. It's *that* reliable. All electronic components are solid-state, including the digital computer itself.

Is this the same as overdrive?
No. Overdrive is a function of gears. V8-6-4 is a function of the number of cylinders receiving fuel. By way of interest, overdrive is a feature associated with the V6 engine available on 1981 Fleetwood Broughams and DeVilles.

Cadillacs are equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your Cadillac dealer for details.

Can I tell how many cylinders are active at any given time?
Yes. Push a button and Cadillac's MPG Sentinel on the instrument panel shows a digital display of the number of cylinders active at that moment. The MPG Sentinel will also show instantaneous mpg and average mpg.

Is it true that this combination could help a person to become a more efficient driver?
Absolutely. Knowing your active cylinders and instantaneous mpg can help you adjust your driving habits accordingly. And thereby help you become a more efficient driver. You can further demonstrate it to yourself by resetting the MPG Sentinel before a trip. Then push a button at trip's end and the MPG Sentinel will tell you how well you did by displaying your average miles per gallon to the nearest tenth.

All this is standard in 1981?
All this and more. Buy or lease, see your Cadillac dealer for a test drive.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION, U.S.A.

Trust Cadillac to lead the way.

A Potpourri of Special Fare

Programs of intelligence: political and scientific

Snail tracks have been observed in Hollywood: the actors' strike is inching toward a settlement. But Happy Days *are not here yet. It could take a month or more for the old shows to return with new episodes. In the interim, viewers can choose among "specials" and series from the commercial networks and PBS that will instruct, provoke and entertain in intelligent new ways. For the next few weeks, TV will mute its role as electronic babysitter and engage the viewer in adult conversation.* En garde, *sitcommers and real people! The spirit could be catching.*

A Mole in a Maze of Mirrors

Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy, PBS (Mondays, beginning Sept. 29, 8 p.m. E.D.T.) Except for *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold*, John Le Carré's convoluted plots have resisted translation into two-dimensional film and television. Now, in what should be the TV event of the season, the BBC proves that Britannia still rules the air waves. PBS's six-part showing of the BBC–co-produced *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy* is probably the most intellectually demanding—and rewarding—TV series ever seen in the U.S.

Mole is a code word for the double agent who has burrowed his way into the heart of the British secret service. As *Tinker, Tailor* opens, the head of intelligence, known only as Control (Alexander Knox), determines that one of his subordinates has an open line to Moscow. But which one? Enter the redoubtable George Smiley, brought out of retirement. The counterspy is an unlikely hero. He is middle-aged and stout, and his adulterous wife has bedded down with just about every man he knows, including Bill Haydon (Ian Richardson), one of the four candidates for Mole. Yet as Alec Guinness plays him, Smiley seems wholly real, a man who has walked through a maze of distorting mirrors for so long that he sees life as a series of untrustworthy reflections.

At times the chase through this maze is needlessly confusing; it is often hard to tell past from present. A pity, because everything else in the program demonstrates lapidary craftsmanship. Producer Jonathan Powell, Adapter Arthur Hopcraft and Director John Irvin are like glyptic ians bent on chiseling one perfect series for TV. Hopcraft has retained Le Carré's spare style, which is as tightly drawn as a violin string. It can convey almost as many tones, and it is wonderful to hear what talented performers can do with those laconic, loaded sentences.

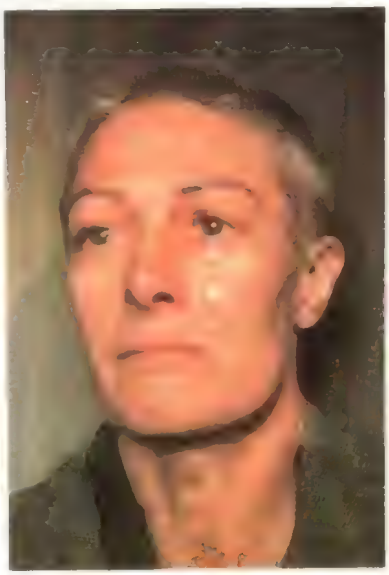
The acting surpasses even the BBC's high standards. At this point in his career, Guinness, solid and elegantly thoughtful, is beyond praise. His lesser-known colleagues are, without exception, worthy of him and of the drama's subtle subject. Even the smallest scene is memorable—like Beryl Reid's appearance as a dipsy researcher who fell from favor with Smiley and Control. "Poor loves," she says to Smiley, her whiskied voice falling slowly and softly, like autumn leaves. "Trained to empire. Englishmen could be proud then. Oh, God. Taken away. Goodbye, world." One reason Le Carré's sad story rings with such resonance is that it is largely true. There really was a "mole," a treasonous golden boy of the British Establishment. His name was Kim Philby, and he defected to the Soviet Union in 1963. Now 68, he lives in Moscow, a hero of the Soviet state, honored for that trove of secrets he stole from London and Washington. No one knows whether he would look upon this show as tragedy or comedy.

—By Gerald Clarke

Alec Guinness as George Smiley
Elegantly thoughtful, beyond praise

Soloist in a Choir of Martyrs

Playing for Time (CBS, Sept. 30). Film and TV movies about the Holocaust have become so numerous they now constitute a genre: horror-show effects, mannered performances and madhouse melodrama. In *Playing for Time*, the true story of Chanteuse Fania Fenelon's survival in Auschwitz as the vocalist of its female orchestra, Dramatist Arthur Miller and Director Daniel Mann have set these Holocaust cli-



Vanessa Redgrave as Fania Fenelon

ches against each other. Though Fenelon (Vanessa Redgrave) and her fellow prisoners must fight for their lives and their dignity against the SS oppressors, they find their sternest, most domineering antagonist in Alma Rosé (Jane Alexander), niece of Gustav Mahler and conductor of the Auschwitz orchestra. *Playing for Time* is as much the tale of two strong women, in conflict or in concert, as it is of inhuman degradation and heroic grit. Because Redgrave and Alexander are two of the great modern actresses, the film is also a record of their competition and triumph over the limitations of the

Riding *Shōgun*

Ah, there was good news at NBC last week, for so long the also-ran in the networks' ratings race. NBC hit paydirt with the five-night, twelve-hour, $25 million production of James Clavell's bestselling novel *Shōgun*, set in 17th century Japan and starring Richard Chamberlain and Yoko Shimada. Despite long doses of uncaptioned Japanese dialogue, *Shōgun*'s mix of arch politics, discreet sex and graphic beheadings started big on Monday night with 70 million watching, and was still going strong at week's end as newspapers alertly provided daily plot summaries. The total audience: some 125 million. NBC President Fred Silverman may just turn his network around after all, and *Shōgun* may rank behind *Roots I* and *II* as television's most successful mini-series.

genre and the viewer's expectations.

The casting of Redgrave, La Pasionaria of the P.L.O., as a half-Jewish inmate of a Nazi camp has provoked much controversy. The Anti-Defamation League has attacked the casting as "both an insult and an injury to the millions of victims of the Nazi Holocaust." CBS has found advertisers reluctant to peddle their hair sprays and frozen foods between segments of a downbeat film with an unpopular performer and has sold its commercial time at a fraction of the standard rate. Meanwhile, most of the *Playing for Time* starring cast have signed an open letter urging that Redgrave's "personal political views" not obscure "a dynamic and honest piece of work."

On paper, Redgrave may indeed seem ill-suited to play a Jew in Nazi Germany. The Fania Fenelon of *Playing for Time* is more than a survivor: she is a tough, generous woman with an aura of eccentric sanctity. The part demands an actress of profound force and intelligence. Redgrave is that actress. Surrendering herself to the part, she has created a giving, living exemplar of human strength under pressure. Fania Fenelon should be proud. —*By Richard Corliss*

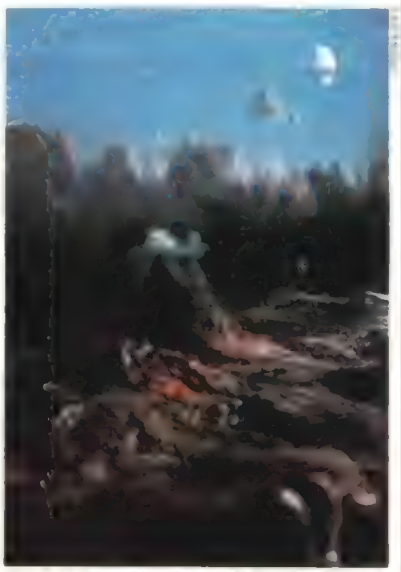
An Astronomer in the Galaxy

Cosmos by Carl Sagan, A Personal Voyage (PBS, Sundays, beginning Sept. 28, 8 p.m. E.D.T.). With this 13-part, $8.25 million series, television truly gets down to the stuff of cells and the substance of stars. Each segment has flair, excellent special effects and a dash of good ethical showmanship, thanks to Carl Sagan, 45, the Cornell University astronomer and Pulitzer prizewinner (for *The Dragons of Eden*).

What if, in Episode 1, viewers travel with Sagan on a hokey *Star Wars*-style "ship of the imagination" to distant galaxies? The vastness of the universe is brilliantly presented—the trillions of suns, the distances in billions of light-years. The limited speck called earth is put in its place: the third planet around a middle-aged dwarf star, on one arm of the Milky Way, in a sea of other galaxies.

Episode 1 is light on theme and heavy on overture. But *Cosmos* soon settles down to its subject. Evolution is explored in detail, along with natural and artificial selection. Viewers take a trip inside a cell to see how DNA reproduces itself. With life's building blocks—simple organic molecules—common throughout the universe, Sagan feels that life must exist somewhere other than earth. But what would it look like? On Jupiter, he shows, it could consist of giant gas-filled living balloons called "floaters," with "hunters" that eat the floaters for survival.

Sagan has been on Johnny Carson's *Tonight* show so many times that his students have been known to greet him with "He-e-e-re's Carl!" None of that tinsel, though, should take away from Sagan the scientist, one of the first astronomers to estimate correctly the surface temperature of Venus and to recognize that the changing patterns on Mars were caused by wind-blown sands. Nor should it detract from Sagan the teacher. He is a man clearly in love with his subject, and in love with teaching it, who speaks of "exquisite interrelationships" and the "awesome machinery of nature." Sagan is unabashedly awestruck, and he assumes that what interests him will interest his audience. His assumption should prove to be correct, provided that the audience can forget the banality of *That's Incredible!, Those Amazing Animals* and the rest of what is mislabeled "reality programming." —*By John S. DeMott*



A volcano erupts on Saturn's moon Titan

He-e-e-re's Carl, taking viewers on a tour of the solar system

Trillions of suns, billions of light-years and a dash of good ethical showmanship.

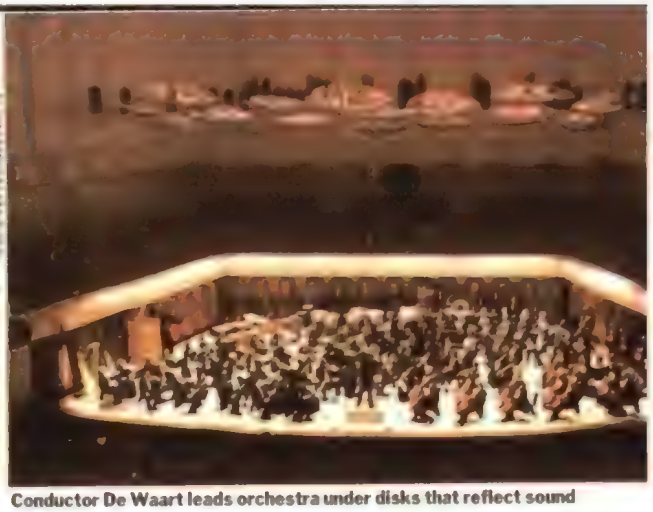
A Doctor in the Blood Stream

The Body in Question (PBS, Tuesdays, beginning Sept. 30, 9 p.m. E.D.T.). The BBC had an inspired notion when it chose Jonathan Miller to write and host this 13-part medical series. Miller is a physician and, more important, a veteran of that '60s satire *Beyond the Fringe*. Miller brings some of the engaging wit and lunacy of that review to the series. In the opening episode, *Naming of Parts*, he takes to the streets of Oxford to ask passers-by about the location and size of internal organs. In *Blood Relations*, red automobiles career over roadways to show how red blood cells travel the circulatory system. Best of all is the staged encounter between doctors and a man hospitalized for abdominal pains in *Try a Little Tenderness*. The daffy sequence illustrates the complexities of making a diagnosis while capturing the ignominy of being a patient.

In more serious fashion, Miller discusses the involuntary actions of the gastrointestinal tract, re-creates classic medical experiments, such as William Harvey's showing that blood flows in only one direction in a vein, and assists at an autopsy (we see far more of a postmortem than is ever shown on *Quincy*). The series can be alternately informative (Roman society frowned on scientific dissections of the human body while applauding human massacres for entertainment) and provocative (proposing that falling ill is not something that happens to us but something we choose to do). But the best moments are noncontroversial explanations of how scientists arrived at concepts of bodily mechanics. The idea of the heart as a pump, for example, occurred only in the 17th century after such mechanical devices became widespread.

Ironically, the series' greatest flaw is a result of its principal asset: Miller's agile mind. The host's penchant for explaining everything in terms of something else—gunpowder to show how nerves fire muscles into contraction; cartography to demonstrate the differences between organs and tissues—can be instructive. But analogies are used so lavishly that audiences may be subject to acute metaphoritis. The going occasionally gets so dense that the viewer is tempted to cry: "Give it to me straight, Doc. I can take it." —*By Anastasia Toufexis*

Exterior of the Louise M. Davies Symphony Hall in San Francisco



Conductor De Waart leads orchestra under disks that reflect sound

Music

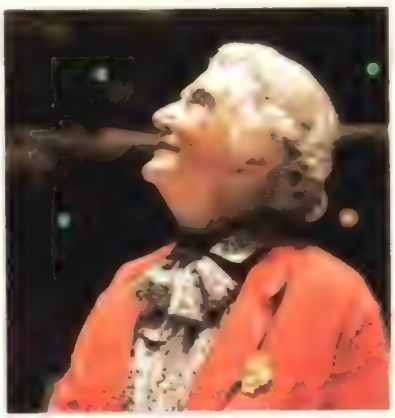
San Francisco Goes Big Time

A lot of little misses at Davies Hall may yet make a hit

Building a large concert hall is one of the grand gambles a city can make. The latest to try its luck is San Francisco, which opened Louise M. Davies Symphony Hall last week. Mostly the bet looks sound. Until now any big performing arts group—the local symphony, opera and ballet—had to use the War Memorial Opera House. They all played foreshortened seasons and, except for the San Francisco Opera, suffered artistically. Also, with few remaining open dates, major touring attractions often just stayed away. Now the city will surely become a main stop on the culture circuit.

No gamble in any of this. The $27.5 million bet is whether the new hall, the home of the San Francisco Symphony, will have good acoustics. The curved concrete and glass exterior gives an impression of lightness. Inside it is the model of a modern hall. Bulky chunks protrude from the walls in surprising places; neat rows of little mounds trim the loges and balconies. From the ceiling hang adjustable panels, and above the stage are 24 clear acrylic sound-reflector disks. From many locations the audience can see the orchestra mirrored in them. As an image it is not bad, for halls like the Davies are really a kind of musical instrument constructed and tuned by acousticians. Although they can improve or "tune" their work to a degree, acousticians are among the high rollers of science. Will the hall that rises from the blueprint and equations have satisfying sound?

On opening night the answer was no. Dozens of critics and musicians disputed the long reverberation time, the strident brass, the puddles of aural mud. Too much depended on one's location in the auditorium. The bass was usually too strong. (That is good; after 18 years and expensive tinkering, New York's Avery Fisher Hall—the *Titanic* of postwar acoustics—still has a mumbling bass.) In general the sound seems too bright and unfocused. That, however, is better than starting out with a dead hall.



Louise M. Davies

A gift of $5 million "because I had it."

Early in the evening came the world premiere of David Del Tredici's *Happy Voices*. The composer may have intended a bravura show for the orchestra, but his garish, repetitive work was more like a Richard Strauss waltz heard in a nightmare. When Mendelssohn's *Piano Concerto No. 1*, with Rudolf Serkin as soloist, followed, the listener was prepared for old-fashioned piano busting. Instead, the instrument could scarcely be heard except in solo passages and in a lyrical dialogue between the cellos and the piano.

The finale, Beethoven's *Symphony No. 5*, was most successful aurally. For Conductor Edo de Waart, 39, and his players, it was also the best interpretation of an understandably ragged evening. De Waart took time off to study cassettes of 35 of the programs he has conducted with the San Francisco. He was not happy. Says he: "The music sounded like a rehearsal. In preparation you listen and correct, but you must shut all that off in performance. Furtwängler and Walter made a lot of mistakes, but what does it matter? Precision is an illness of our time."

That is a good, hardy outlook to take onstage at the Davies. De Waart thinks that its flaws are mainly correctible excesses. Acoustician Theodore Schultz, 58, of Bolt Beranek & Newman, Inc., plans to concentrate his tuning on the acoustical banners, which can be adjusted during rehearsals to compensate for an empty house. De Waart is indifferent to that notion. "I think we should learn to play in the house first. Singers don't practice in the bathroom—it sounds too good."

San Franciscans are behind their maestro. Davies Hall is the outcome of 15 years of effort, which got rolling when Samuel Stewart, a retired Bank of America executive, took over a fund-raising drive in 1973. After 100 public hearings he got $10 million out of public coffers. More came from corporations and foundations, but the largest hunk, $14 million, was donated by the city's rich families. The doyenne of those was Louise Davies, 80, a subscriber since 1934, who gave $5 million, "because I had it."

The premiere turned out to be an amiable shambles. Though the auditorium is completed, the building that sheathes it is far from ready. Outside, the $400,000 Henry Moore sculpture of a reclining figure seems to be observing the structure's progress. The white-tie crowd, many of them major donors, overlooked the loose plaster and dangling wires. They did not ruffle anyone. These people have seen through an ambitious project to the point where musicians and acoustician must make the last refinements. The San Franciscans had something to be proud of, and they knew it. —*By Martha Duffy*

Reported by Dick Thompson/San Francisco

A Pallid but Personable Faith?

Study says many Protestants want pop psychology, not theology

The sophisticated, once powerful and lately rather liberal Protestant churches of America seem to be in the doldrums, while raw, upstart conservative churches are flourishing. Anyone wondering why could do worse than consult a new book modestly billed as "the most exhaustive study of ministry in the U.S. and Canada ever undertaken." *Ministry in America* (Harper & Row; $24.95) deals with the qualities that people in local parishes seem to want in their ministers. Time was when Protestants—liberal or conservative in theology—sought strong spiritual leadership and preaching, personal counsel based on the Bible, even some evangelistic flair. Now, says the report, the liberal churches want mostly pop psychology.

The ministry survey began when the Association of Theological Schools started wondering whether seminaries were turning out the sort of graduates congregations actually want. To find out, a research team developed a list of 444 traits (*e.g.*, "prays with laity in small groups" or "expresses own ideas freely") and got preference ratings of their importance from thousands of laymen, parish ministers, professors, senior seminary students and experts on the placement of clergy. The survey sample covered 43 Protestant denominations with 55 million members (plus Roman Catholics, Orthodox, Unitarians and Reform Jews). The most desirable traits: 1) "Open, Affirming Style"; 2) "Caring for Persons under Stress" (with no mention of any religious content); 3) "Congregational Leadership." To a striking extent, many people put appealing personal qualities well above traditional pastoral concern for doctrine and spiritual life, or otherworldly values based on the teachings of the Bible.

DRAWING BY H. MARTIN
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"And now we'll turn up the houselights and take questions from the audience."

For example, members of the huge (though declining) United Methodist Church, which began in the 18th century as a spiritual revival movement, want clergy who are "open, accepting, self-critical, patient, participatory and exemplary." All are qualities involved with psychological jargon, interpersonal relationships and group dynamics. John Wesley, meet Dale Carnegie or Michael Murphy of Esalen.

Similarly, the study portrays the U.S. Episcopal Church—and the Anglican Church of Canada—the way a *New Yorker* cartoon might, as denominations held together less by shared belief than by cultural and class ties. According to the study, Episcopalians tend to have little interest in the Bible as a source of specific moral guidance. Parishioners' approval of a minister depends not so much on his faith as on how well he gets along with people, with heavy emphasis on humility and "lack of ego-strength." This, says the book, seems to "favor incompetence."

The United Church of Christ (including former Congregationalists) is noteworthy in how little interest its members displayed concerning a pastor's religiosity, biblical faith, evangelism, piety or explicit emphasis on spiritual renewal and liturgy.

Lutherans, by contrast, seem to be a bundle of contradictions. They are "liberal" in the sense of shunning revivalist zeal and puritanical rules (it is no crime for Lutheran ministers to smoke, visit nightclubs or gamble) but are as "conservative" as Roman Catholics in insisting on the importance of certain central doctrines. Yale Divinity School's George Lindbeck, who wrote the chapter on Lutherans, says this schizophrenic situation cannot last, and speculates that Lutherans will gradually shift in the direction of Roman Catholicism, which they broke with in 1521.

Protestantism may not be quite as pallid as all that. One denomination in the study, the Southern Baptist Convention, is expanding, perhaps because it chooses ministers who ardently profess their biblical beliefs. Besides that, the book's conclusions are based on statistical averages, which tend to obscure the variety of vital congregations within all denominations. The survey, moreover, was taken in the mid-1970s and has only now managed to get into print. Meanwhile, according to a Gallup survey for *Christianity Today* magazine, younger ministers are becoming increasingly firm—and firmly religious—in their beliefs. ■

Southern Baptist President Smith

Tuning Out

Can God hear a Jew's prayers?

Last June in St. Louis, well-organized conservatives at the annual meeting of the Southern Baptist Convention elected a stem-winding preacher named Bailey Smith, 41, as president of the nation's biggest Protestant group (13.4 million members). Smith, who trained at Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary and is a pastor at the First Southern Baptist Church in Del City, Okla., managed to keep a low profile until a big August political rally in Dallas, organized by the rising Protestant right. Reporters flocked to a press conference where Ronald Reagan was holding forth in favor of biblical creationism, and so most of them missed Smith's address to 5,000 in the main arena. Said Smith: "It's interesting to me at great political battles how you have a Protestant to pray and a Catholic to pray, and then you have a Jew to pray. With all due respect to those dear people, my friend, God Almighty does not hear the prayer of a Jew. For how in the world can God hear the prayer of a man who says that Jesus Christ is not the true Messiah? It is blasphemous."

Sensing more anti-Semitism than due respect, "those dear people" decided Smith's words should not go unnoticed. Last week the American Jewish Committee sent transcripts around the country. Smith persists in his opinion, but many S.B.C. members are embarrassed over their leader's theology. Said Jimmy Allen, head of the radio-TV commission and a former S.B.C. president, Smith's statement "doesn't represent the position of most Southern Baptists. God listens to the needs of every person who calls on him." ■

A Reservoir of Untapped Power

AMERICAN DREAMS: LOST AND FOUND
by Studs Terkel; Pantheon; 470 pages; $14.95

In the darkness with a great bundle
of grief the people march.
In the night, and overhead a shovel
of stars for keeps, the
people march:
"Where to? what next?"
—The People, Yes

Few readers can now look at Carl Sandburg's epic without embarrassment. Happily, one of them is Studs Terkel. His vocabulary is sophisticated, his questions are informed by contemporary psychology and social theory. But Terkel's credulity remains that of the '30s populist who regards the American people as "a reservoir of untapped power and new astonishments."

And since he is Studs Terkel, the reservoir is always full, and the author is perpetually astonished. In *Working*, Terkel edited the testimonies of laborers and executives, secretaries and politicians who were too unique to prove his thesis about the degradation of the assembly line and the anonymity of office work. In *Hard Times*, he set out to collect memoirs of the Great Depression and ended with an elegy for 133 voices and continuo. For his new volume, *American Dreams: Lost and Found*, Terkel has abandoned any attempt at doctrine. There is only, he admits, "in the manner of a jazz work, an attempt, of theme and improvisation, to recount dreams, lost and found, and a recognition of possibility."

Stripped of its Whitmanesque rhetoric, this means the fixture as before: first person singularities from the prominent (Miss U.S.A., Ted Turner, Joan Crawford, Arnold Schwarzenegger), the recognizable (Baseball Maverick Bill Veeck, Novelist Jill Robinson, *Rolling Stone* Publisher Jann Wenner) and the totally obscure. All of them are highly individual, all discuss some aspect of that worn shibboleth, the American Dream. As they talk, platitudes give way to testimony, and the vision becomes a document.

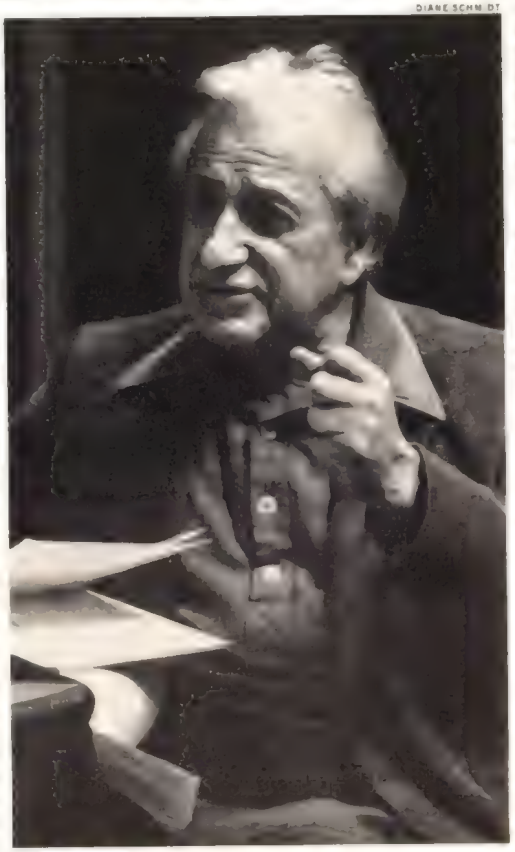
Thomas Boylston Adams, great-great-grandson of John Quincy Adams, "cannot think of a greater disaster than Harvard becoming the arbiter of what happens to us. They have wonderful ideas and the world would be bankrupt without them, but there are other minds and other talents [whose] ideas will save the world."

Florence Scala, an aging Chicago activist, is less encouraged. She remembers the heady days of labor struggles, reviles the credit card society, then surrenders to activist nostalgia: "I don't even know what the American Dream is any more. Maybe it's picking up some pieces I've left behind."

Miguel Cortez, a middle-aged Cuban refugee, recalls the early days of Castro. When Terkel asks him if he could bribe a policeman after the revolution, Cortez encapsulates an entire mind of state: "No, because everybody a cop." Cortez's dream is simply to rise upon his failures—a vision not substantially different from Ted Turner's: "I never was valedictorian. I couldn't make the football team, I couldn't make the baseball team ... That's kinda how I got into sailing."

A few of Terkel's subjects believe that whining is everything. "I learned that success is a two-edged sword," complains a sophomoric ex-professor. "There's a cost ... I discovered in the hardest way possible that I had let other people tell me what my values were." A fight promoter, angry at newspaper attacks, decides that "a certain elite has decided that wrestling does not belong as a respectable sport in this country ... I think it's a black day ... There is no American Dream. It's a hype, an elusive nothing." A hyperactive executive regards zero growth as the sin of sloth: "If we don't grow and get more profit, there isn't more money for raises ... 'Enough money' is always a little bit more than you have. There's never enough of anything."

Yet throughout this lost-and-found department there are continual instances of amazing grace. The late John Howard Griffin, terminally ill, recalls darkening his skin in order to live as a black man in the American South (the subject of his book *Black Like Me*, 1961). He speaks of violent beatings and physical suffering, and then discards self-pity by quoting a friend's dying words: "Ask Griffin if he can top this." A former Ku Klux Klan executive finds himself organizing workers of every hue in a North Carolina union. "People say: 'That's an impossible dream. You sound like Martin Luther King' ... I don't think it's an impossible dream. It's happened in my life." A high school dropout, once thought to be incorrigible, institutionalized many times, goes back to school at the age of 28 and becomes an influential social worker, changing the lives of troubled adolescents. Her warning: "Don't go on like you do, or you'll end up like me, a big fat zero in the eyes of God." But that kind of zero is invaluable: by forgetting about No. 1 she serves an entire community.



DIANE SCHMIDT

Studs Terkel conducting an interview

Like a jazz work: theme and improvisation.

Doubtless another interviewer might find subjects who are not so graceful, people embittered or trivialized by circumstance. But no other interviewer has Terkel's ability to elicit such deep response; and no one can duplicate his fundamental faith in the general—and specific—public. In *American Dreams* that belief is ratified by a multitude who prefer enlightenment to opulence and stability to success.

In *So Long!*, Walt Whitman boasted, "This is no book,/ Who touches this touches a man." Who touches the book of *American Dreams* touches not one but a hundred men and women and, by implication, millions more. In an age of faceless polls, sociological tracts and psychobabble, politicians and historians would do well to discard ten pounds of printouts for every page of the author's impressive oral histories. The people, yes. Studs Terkel, positively.

—By Stefan Kanfer

Société Nationale Elf Aquitaine

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Nile Wiles

THE KEY TO REBECCA
by Ken Follett; Morrow
381 pages; $12.95

"Fast is my normal speed," says Ken Follett, 31, who mastered his tempo at a Fleet Street typewriter. Fast is also the pace of the annual Follett best-seller. His latest thriller, *The Key to Rebecca*, streaks through the sands of plot with all the surprising velocity of one of General Erwin Rommel's panzer divisions in the North African desert—which happens to be where much of the novel takes place.

In the summer of 1942, Rommel's Afrika Korps has punched to within 15 miles of Alexandria. The Germans are now only a *Heil* away from British-ruled Egypt and the Suez Canal, the Allies' strategic lifeline to the Middle East and Asia. Though outnumbered and outgunned by General Sir Claude John Eyre Auchinleck, the German commander consistently outmaneuvers the Brits, even to the point of seizing the key bastion of Tobruk. For Rommel has a secret weapon: Alex Wolff, a.k.a. Achmed Rahmha, German-born, Berlin-trained spy, who early in life had been adopted by an Arab stepfather.

If Rommel is the Desert Fox, Alex-Achmed becomes the Cairo Rat. Like Henry Faber, the Nazi spy in Follett's *Eye of the Needle*, Alex proves to be a demmed elusive character. With typical guile, he manages to extract the precise details of every Allied position and plan from the briefcase of an alcoholic British headquarters officer while the silly sod makes love to a kinky belly dancer named Sonja. While Sonja wriggles, Alex scribbles, relaying this trove of vital and invaluable information to Rommel from a houseboat on the Nile, using a wireless code based on Daphne du Maurier's 1938 novel *Rebecca*.

The English officer charged with tracking down Wolff is Major William Vandam, a non-U widower in military intelligence. Vandam's strategy starts with a well-baited hooker. Her name is Elene Fontana (nee Abigail Asnani), a 23-year-old Jewish courtesan who—after the characteristic Follett sexual intermezzos—rises quickly to become the star of the Wolff hunt. One of Vandam's problems is his toffee-nosed superior, Lieut. Colonel Reggie Bogge, who spends most of his time polishing a precious cricket ball and refusing to accept his subordinate's theory of the spy's existence. Vandam's pursuit is also thwarted by the Egyptian nationalist movement, which would prefer a German occupation to continued British rule. A leader of the movement is a young army officer named Anwar Sadat, who announces with premonitory pride: "I am going to be a hero."

Since his wife's death in Crete, Vandam has struggled manfully to pull himself together and raise his son Billy. He guns a BSA 350 motorcycle through the clotted streets of Cairo and chases his adversary in one memorable scene worthy of a Steve McQueen cop-pursuit flick. He also drinks a lot of gin. Humiliated and frustrated in his confrontations with the Egyptian Nazi sympathizers, he presents Follett's simple but valid editorial: "Yes. We're not very admirable, especially in our colonies, but the Nazis are worse . . . It is worth fighting. In England decency is making slow progress; in Germany it's taking a big step backward. Think about the people you love, and the issues become clearer."

Rebecca, Follett's 13th novel (several were written under pen names), combines

Ken Follett

Through sands of plot like a panzer.

the authentic tension of the times with breathless high adventure and breathers of low comedy. Sonja's Nile-blue bisexual capers aboard her houseboat *Jihan* do not exactly resemble the mild erotica enacted aboard Travis McGee's *Busted Flush* in Florida. And one wild street donnybrook introduces a hilarious Cairene Fagin whose thievery steals more scenes than secrets.

Still, Follett's true strength remains an acute sense of geographical place, and the age-old knowledge that character is action. In *Rebecca*, as in *Needle* and *Triple*, he brilliantly reproduces a distant terrain, complete with sounds and smells and tribal rites. The most romantic of all the top espionage thriller writers, he understands and sensitively portrays the women who come in and out of his cold. When the belly dancer and the courtesan appear onstage, Rommel seems almost irrelevant. —*By Michael Demarest*

Winter Kills

ISLAND SOJOURN
by Elizabeth Arthur
Harper & Row; 220 pages; $9.95

For most people, going back to nature means eating sugarless cereal or using a low-suds shampoo that smells like an avocado. Few actually light out for the wilderness and set up housekeeping, and those who attempt this transit from civilization back to the primeval usually find that they cannot get there from here. That is the upshot of Author Elizabeth Arthur's first book, and it is not exactly startling news. But *Island Sojourn* offers something much more durable than a scoop; the book is a graceful meditation on survival, both in a harsh external landscape and in the scarier terrain of the self.

The adventure begins in 1974, when Elizabeth and her husband Bob take part of their $18,000 nest egg and buy a three-acre island on Stuart Lake in British Columbia. Maneuvering a leaky river boat, the young Americans arrive in midsummer with a dog, a cat, their worldly possessions and high hopes: "We dreamed of making a permanent home in the wilderness, apart from the forces we thought were destroying and polluting the world." One of the first things they learn is that building a house from scratch is no way to cure materialism: "I have never in my life felt more completely tied to objects raw materials and the tools to shape them with, garbage and structure." The house goes up, finally, but the money runs out before the place can be properly insulated. Elizabeth and Bob spend much of the bitter winter working at a bank and sawmill and living in a town some 40 miles away.

The next winter is better, at first. Though the winds howl and the thermometer dips to 50° below, the house is finished enough to stay fairly snug; it only catches fire twice. Between these moments of excitement, there is bread to be baked, books to be read, a crackling blaze in the fireplace to be contemplated. A dream of the counterculture seems about to come true, until cabin fever strikes. Suddenly, plates full of moose meat are being hurled about, hair is being pulled; Bob punches Elizabeth in the stomach. She writes: "I was free to hate him now, no doubts and no regrets. We could hate each other for having at last released the things we hated most in ourselves." The domestic turmoil subsides into a wary truce, but both parties know that they will never again winter there.

The backdrop of this psychodrama is irresistible to stay-at-homes. A bald eagle nests on the island; wolves come close enough to the house to be easily seen in the moonlight. Though she went off looking for permanence, Arthur discovers that

Books

she is a connoisseur of flux. The lake evokes her keenest descriptions: during a storm "the water was stirred every few minutes by a gigantic sweep like the slap of a hand." On a sunny day "the lake is ocean blue, throwing back the face of the sky and then catching it again."

Such pointillistic touches make *Island Journey* different from autobiography or nature writing. Though she sometimes takes herself a mite too seriously, Arthur gives an uncanny account of what her experience felt like. At her best, she can make a strange, unfamiliar setting provoke shocks of recognition. —*By Paul Gray*

Editors' Choice

FICTION: Consenting Adults or The Duchess Will Be Furious, *Peter De Vries* • Joshua Then and Now, *Mordecai Richler* • Loon Lake, *E.L. Doctorow* • Music for Chameleons, *Truman Capote* • Rough Strife, *Lynne Sharon Schwartz* • The Middle Ground, *Margaret Drabble* The Second Coming, *Walker Percy*

NONFICTION: Abroad, *Paul Fussell* China Men, *Maxine Hong Kingston* Laughing in the Hills, *Bill Barich* Lyndon, *Merle Miller* Nature and Culture, *Barbara Novak* No Man's Land, *John Toland* Walter Lippmann and the American Century, *Ronald Steel*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Firestarter, *King (1 last week)*
2. Rage of Angels, *Sheldon (2)*
3. The Tenth Commandment, *Sanders*
4. Fanny, *Jong*
5. Music for Chameleons, *Capote (3)*
6. The Fifth Horseman, *Collins & Lapierre (10)*
7. The Bourne Identity, *Ludlum (4)*
8. Princess Daisy, *Krantz (6)*
9. Random Winds, *Plain (5)*
10. The Spike, *De Borchgrave & Moss (9)*

NONFICTION

1. Crisis Investing, *Casey (1)*
2. Shelley, *Winters (2)*
3. Number 1, *Martin & Golenbock*
4. Free to Choose, *Milton & Rose Friedman (4)*
5. Nothing Down, *Allen (3)*
6. Unfinished Business, *Scarf*
7. How You Can Become Financially Independent by Investing in Real Estate, *Lowry (7)*
8. The Psychology of Romantic Love, *Branden (9)*
9. Craig Claiborne's Gourmet Diet, *Claiborne with Franey (8)*
10. Thy Neighbor's Wife, *Talese (5)*

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Law

When the Dogs Stopped Snapping

In a posthumous book, Justice Douglas reviews his court years

The purpose of the U.S. Constitution, Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas liked to say, is "to keep the Government off the backs of the people." Douglas was speaking from personal conviction. Especially in his later years, he believed that Government was not only out to subvert the Constitution but to get its chief defender, William O. Douglas.

With some reason. Douglas claims that Richard Nixon, in cahoots with then House Minority Leader Gerald Ford, once sicked 40 federal agents on Douglas in a misbegotten attempt to have the liberal Justice impeached. Even before Nixon, Douglas believed that the secret conference room of the Supreme Court was bugged. Chief Justice Earl Warren once had the FBI "sweep" the conference room, but Douglas remained suspicious, since he thought the FBI probably put the bugs there in the first place. And the feisty old jurist, who originally planned to retire from the Supreme Court in 1969, vowed to stay on until "the last hound dog had stopped snapping at my heels." Sick and in pain, he did finally outlast Nixon. When he left the high court in 1975, he had served 36 years, longer than any other Justice in U.S. history.

Douglas published his first autobiography, *Go East, Young Man*, in 1974, covering his life up to his appointment to the Supreme Court. The title of its just released sequel, *The Court Years 1939-1975*, suggests a judicially revealing treatise. But Douglas spends more time twitting colleagues than talking about the workings of the court. A favorite target is longtime ideological foe Felix Frankfurter. Douglas says that Justice Frankfurter, brilliant, gregarious, but insecure, had the arrogant habit of dropping messages at the feet of court pages —as if physical contact with the unanointed would desecrate the sanctity of the conference room. Douglas tells of a near fistfight between Frankfurter and Chief Justice Fred Vinson in the court's conference room. He notes that Justice Thurgood Marshall was appointed to the court "simply because he was black," and quotes Marshall's contribution to the reverse discrimination debate: "You guys," Marshall tells his brethren, "have been practicing discrimination for years. Now it's our turn."

Douglas' judicial philosophy was a relentless defense of individual rights. His nearly absolutist views on the subject brooked no debate. His preference, he admits, was for "creating precedent," not "finding it." If he does not describe the give and take of court procedures, it is probably because he held aloof from most of them. He quotes the observation of Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes: "Ninety percent of any decision is emotional."

In *The Court Years* little reference is made to his personal life. Most of Douglas' hobnobbing seems to have taken place at stag parties. When his poker partners played sucker for Harry S. Truman, letting the President walk off with $5,000 despite a night of mediocre hands, Douglas reports he was so "disgusted" that he quit poker forever.

He seems obsessed with certain villains, chiefly Richard Nixon and his Chief Justice, Warren Burger. Nixon, Douglas reports, was so vindictive that he denied a dying Earl Warren the use of Walter Reed Army Medical Center. Douglas scathingly describes Burger as Nixon's "hatchet man" on the court. Burger used to irritate Douglas, in fact, by ticking off all the liberal landmarks of the Warren Court that he wanted to reverse.

Douglas grumbles that under Burger the Constitution was being "put on ice" to make way for the forces of "law-and-order." Such maunderings are sad. In his hundreds of opinions and dissents, Douglas had far more impact on the court and the Constitution than Richard Nixon and Warren Burger put together. It is too bad that Douglas decided not to tell more about it.

—*By Evan Thomas*

Supreme Court Justice Douglas in 1976

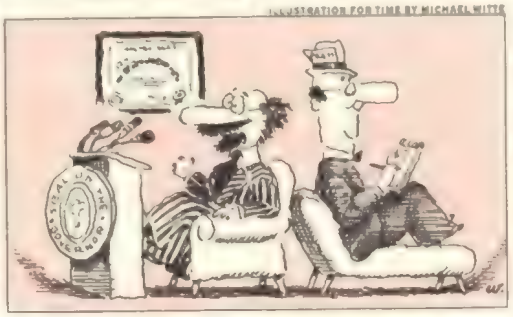
He quit poker when Truman won the pot

The People's Analyst

Patient: Doctor, I think that I'm a dog.
Doctor: How long have you felt this way?
Patient: Ever since I was a puppy.

Not exactly a thigh-slapper, but not terrible for a psychiatrist joke either. The genre may be about to expand, however. With the victory of Psychiatrist James A. McDermott over Dixy Lee Ray in the Washington State Democratic primary last week, the country trembles on the brink of having its first psychiatrist Governor. Dr. McDermott has offered himself as a "Governor who listens," and when a psychiatrist says a thing like that it is not mere political cant. But are the people prepared, emotionally, for his succession? Already, questions are beginning to haunt the air like irrational fears: Will the Governor charge $60 an hour? Will his hours last 45 minutes? Will his staff know each other's last names? More urgent: Where will he be in August?

Enough. Dr. McDermott must recognize perfectly well the risk he is taking in superimposing one risible profession on another. Indeed, other than making passing note of his years of distinguished service as a consultant to juvenile courts and county jails, his campaign speeches betray little sign of his background. Nonetheless, the times may be exactly right for psychiatrists to hold public office. Not a moment too soon. (Another paid-up member of the American Psychiatric Association, Scott Sibert, is running for Congress in New Jersey's First District.) For one thing, their public image, by and large, is still impeccable. To be sure, there have been exceptions, like the psychiatrist played by Leo G. Carroll in Alfred Hitchcock's *Spellbound*, who shot his colleague, and the one currently played by Michael Caine in *Dressed to Kill*, who sports a blond wig and goes after patients with razors. But such methods are unorthodox. The image most people carry of psychiatrists is that of Lee J. Cobb in *The Three Faces of Eve*—gentle, calm, kind, the sort of person you would entrust with your mother. You remember your mother?



Still, there are plenty of advantages besides image that a psychiatrist brings to a Governor's mansion:

▸ *Nothing is unspeakable to a psychiatrist.* In fact, he appears shaken upon receiving good news.
▸ *A psychiatrist takes everybody seriously.* This is bound to unnerve people like women and mayors, who have never been taken seriously before.
▸ *A psychiatrist searches for underlying causes.* Warn him that students and garbage men are storming the statehouse, and he will ask: Why should this be?
▸ *Psychiatrists are born reductionists.* As Robert Benchley put it, "Tell us your phobias, and we will tell you what you are afraid of."
▸ *Psychiatrists believe that problems can be solved.* Not a way to reach the White House, of course, but charming nevertheless.

All of the above are, conceivably, virtues that anybody might contribute to public office, but psychiatrists have several others peculiarly their own. As a group they are almost uniformly liberal and antiwar, and they admire the United Nations, which is certainly unusual. They also have very soft voices, which seem to arise inside of you rather than from them. When one talks with a psychiatrist, therefore, one has the impression of talking with oneself, which can be an alarming symptom for which one might seek help.

Psychiatrists also have their own language. So do politicians, and it should be interesting to note the changes in neutral terms that result from their taking charge.

Neutral	Political	Psychological
opposing Views	*bull*	*intellectualizations*
other candidates	*crooks*	*paranoid personalities*
assistants	*jerks*	*underachievers*
reporters	*swine*	*voyeurs*
zealots	*nuts*	*"Come in."*

To such terms as *ailurophobia* (fear of cats) and *erythrophobia* (fear of blushing) may be added *brownophobia* (fear of other Governors) or worse, *delanophobia* (fear of fear itself). Visitors are bound to watch their language as well. Few will mention penal reform.

Yet there are still four main attributes psychiatrists possess that no other candidates can offer. The first is the ability to deal with people in pressing situations, a gift that graces the profession so naturally that one wonders why the country has had to wait so long to see it applied to a political context:

Reporter: Governor, what is your reaction to the bribery charges?

Governor: Can you help me understand why you asked that question?

Or—

Aide: Governor, how the hell are we going to lick this depression?

Governor: Depression?

Then, too, a psychiatrist is convinced that nothing is as it appears. This puts reality up for grabs, and the grabs are his, since he is an interpreter. If he is the only one who knows what reality is, then he must also be the only one who knows what it ought to be. In short, he has the world on a string—every politician's dream.

Which brings us to a lovely advantage: psychiatrists believe in dreams. Consider all the romantic petitioners who heretofore were told that their fantasies were bushwa now being smiled at and implored to spell out in exquisite detail what it is they have been dreaming of. Who knows but that among them one truly remarkable, earth-rescuing dream may arise that is worth dissecting? Who but a psychiatrist Governor (at least a Freudian Governor) is authorized to say that dreams count for something in the world, that truth may reside in improbables?

But the greatest gift psychiatrists could bring to government is the capacity to forgive. Until recently, only Barbara Walters had that power, but now with psychiatrists at the helm, all sins become venial. One would expect a psychiatrist Governor to exercise his right of pardoning condemned prisoners, of course, and that would be most pleasing to opponents of capital punishment. Only one area of danger exists, and that is in the traditional circumstance of a Governor's phoning the prison at the last minute to cancel the execution:

Warden (elated): Is this the Governor?

Governor: Would you like it to be the Governor?

—*By Roger Rosenblatt*

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